L. P. Fisher

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Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

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We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

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THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

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It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the following certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.

GEORGE SIMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDETBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr, S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given.

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A Spook Story.

Some years ago, we have not the exact date, what is now known as Pacific Congress Springs was owned by one Elisha Hughes, an erratic genius who could make anything from a needle to an anchor; and who was also a firm believer in Spiritualism. Hughs afterwards sold the property to D. O. Mills, A. Hayward and "Pony" Eastin. He then pre-empted the quarter section of land lying due north of the Springs and converted the steep hills into an elevated Paradise. In the Spring of '67, through exposure, he contracted a lung disease, which proved fatal. After passing the toll-gate, up to the left, nestling on the mountain side, may be seen a little white cottage, and in this white cottage, surrounded by his friends, among whom was Frank L. Darling, Elisha Hughes breathed his last. Many families have occupied the premises since then, but from some mysterious cause no one remained very long. Many were the tales told of ghosts, spirits, etc., but it was supposed to be all talk. Now comes F. L. Darling, who is prepared to make affidavit to the following experience. Frank is an old "Soda Man," well known, and his reliability and honesty cannot be questioned.

On the afternoon of July 10th he had been working hard dressing up some abalone shells for a friend. About half-past six o'clock, feeling hungry, he went up to the cottage where he had been "baching" and started to prepare a fire to make an oyster stew. The building being on the north side under the mountain, it was quite dark.

While getting the materials of the fire together he thought he heard a noise as though some one was intruding. Thinking of tramps, he inquired in a harsh voice, "Who is there? Come out and show yourself." The room now seemed to grow quite light, and a voice inquired, "Frank, don't you remember your old friend, "Lishe?" Darling, although a brave man, was stupefied, but recovering himself discovered the well remembered features of the same man whom he had helped to lay out over twelve years before. His clothing was of some white material from which seemed to radiate a luminous glow that filled the room with a soft steady brightness. A happy smile lit up his features and he had the calm, satisfied expression of one who was done with this world's troubles.

Before Darling could reply "Lishe" spoke again, "Frank, it is my wish that you should leave this house." Frank did not feel much like answering, and before he could reply Elisha Hughes slowly disappeared, the room gradually became darker, and Darling in a cold sweat and with a pale face took heed of the spirit's warning and walked out leaving his oyster stew behind. Frank says it is there yet for anybody that is hungry for that kind of a meal.—*San Jose Herald.*

Comets.

A new comet is coming—sit down, sit down; what's the use of getting excited? It is only visible from the second peak of Mount Aytchimboguandalahasta, in Central Asia, and only there with a three-story telescope, and then it is only visible twenty minutes at midnight, and not then unless the atmosphere is exactly right; and when it is visible it only looks like a star about half the size of the little one in Job's Coffin. By all the starry worlds that swing in space, when "we" were a boy the comets used to come around every Summer, with heads on them like fire balloons, and tails that stretched from the big dipper to the southern cross, and wagged back and forth like a bewildered torchlight procession, and came so close to the earth that they put the moon out. Out on these single-barreled comets, three for a quarter, that they get up for us in these degenerate modern days! We wouldn't walk from here to Asia to see a hundred of 'em.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

In the middle ages, on the death of of a monk, his plate was placed on the table at every meal for a month. The usual amount of meats was placed on it, and this was distributed to the poor, who were exhorted to pray for the repose of the departed brother.

Russia and China.

Two great and contiguous nations, China and Russia, are preparing for war—one to assault, the other to defend. Russia has long been quietly but steadily encroaching upon the Chinese Empire, and the latter has not in the past been able to resist, because of her seclusiveness and therefore want of modern material of war. Now, however, when English, French and American men skilled in war, now when the manufactories of the world are open to China, that nation can have troops as well commanded and as well provided with arms as are the Russians. This being so, Russia may find in China a foe able, if she is willing, to cope with her in any field. That Chinamen will fight as soldiers, there need be no doubt. No people fear death less than they. Californians know this statement to be true. If, then, the troops of China will fight and the Government of that nation places Europeans, in command, and is itself in earnest, there is scarcely a hope that Russia can continue to make conquest of her territory. In both men and means—and these are the great sinews of war—China is a match and more than a match for Russia. The world may expect then, if Russia shall continue to press upon China in the future as she has in the past, to witness before long one of the most decimating wars of the age.—*Bee.*

Law is Law.

Law is a very funny thing. For instance: T. G. Salsbury of Sacramento, owns a wood-yard on H street. His sidewalk is but six feet wide, and he piles the wood in the street often, right at its edge. A city ordinance fixes the width of sidewalks on that street at sixteen feet. He was arrested for obstructing the sidewalk. Judge Conger dismissed the case, holding that his wood was not on the sidewalk, saying that if he had been charged with obstructing the street he would have found him guilty. A new warrant was taken out, charging him with the latter offense. The case was brought before Judge Gilmer. He dismissed it, deciding that, according to law, the sidewalk extended sixteen feet. Therefore the wood was on the sidewalk, and the man could not be held for obstructing the street. Now as, according to these two learned Judges, Mr. Salsbury's wood obstructs neither the sidewalk nor the street, could they not please the people by proving to them that there is no such a street as H street, and that Salsbury never had a sidewalk nor any wood thereabouts?—*Sac. Bee.*

Texas Cow-boys.

The Texas cow-boy is a rare bird. He is a sort of Happy Jack of the wilderness, a dryland sailor, who takes his doses whenever he gets to port—a port being to him the nearest town with a dance-house—his fun pure deviltry. He can yell louder in an unearthly key, swagger more, and swear harded than any man of his inches on the continent. His dress is evidently intended to ape the Mexican counterfeit of the Spanish cavaliers, with a sneaking regard for home conventionalities thrown in. His only pet is his horse; his only toy his pistol; but he would prefer losing his horse for a day to being severed from his six-shooter for a moment. All his strength is in this toy. Give him the pistol and "the drop" on a man, and he will rejoice in his ability to "bore a hole in him big enough for a large-sized dog to crawl through," as if the boring process was something to be exceedingly proud of. This is because cow-boys are not hung often enough in Texas.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The New Constitution party declared that they would not support for office any man who opposed that instrument, yet they nominated as their candidate for Secretary of State Lauren E. Crane, of Sierra, of whom the Downieville *Messenger* says: "He was one of the most bitter opponents of the new Constitution, going so far as to take the stump and make a speech against it a few days before the election. He is also an employer of a large number of Chinese in the Golden Star mining claim in which he is an owner, and until quite recently Superintendent."

Making Lumber from Straw.

S. H. Hamilton of Bushnell, Ill., has discovered a process of making hard-wood lumber out of common wheat straw, with all the effects of polish and finish which is obtainable on the hardest of black walnut and mahogany at as little cost as clear pine lumber can be manufactured for. The process of manufacture, as explained by Mr. Hamilton, is as follows: Ordinary straw board, such as is manufactured at any paper-mill, is used for this purpose. As many sheets are taken as is required to make the thickness of the lumber desired. These sheets are passed through a chemical solution which throughly softens up the fiber and completely saturates it; the whole is then pressed through a succession of rollers, dried and hardened during the passage, as well as polished, and comes out of the other end of the machine hard dry lumber, ready for use. It is claimed that the chemical properties hardening in the fiber entirely prevent water soaking, and render the lumber combustible only in a very hot fire. The hardened finish on the outside also makes it impervious to water. The sample exhibited could hardly be told from hard-wood lumber, and in sawing it the difference could not be detected. It is susceptible of a very high polish, and samples of imitation of marble, mahogany, etc., were shown, which might deceive the most experienced eye. Not only does Mr. Hamilton claim a substitute for lumber in sash, doors and blinds and finish stuff, but also a substitute for black walnut and other woods in the manufacture of all kinds of fine furniture, coffins, etc., and also an excellent substitute for marble in marble-top tables, mantle pieces, bureaus, etc. He claims that is will not warp in the least.

Third Congressional District.

In his game of deception and treachery, in order to defeat the election of any Democrat and to secure the success of the Radical ticket, Denis Kearney had the name of the Hon. C. P. Berry taken from the Workingmen's ticket, as candidate for Congress in the Third Congressional District, and that of Mr. George T. Elliott, of Solano, substituted. Kearney's purpose could not be mistaken. As the candidate of the Democrats, Mr. Berry is sure of an election in that District. The Radical nominee very well knows this. Accordingly, to prevent it, the Radical managers here, who own and run Kearney, required him to have Berry's name stricken from the Workingmen's ticket, and that of some other good Democrat put on, instead, with the view to divide the vote that would otherwise go for Mr. Berry, and thus elect McKenna, the Radical nominee. But Mr. Elliott is too faithful a Democrat to allow his name to be used for such a purpose. He has, therefore, declined the candidacy, and expressed his purpose to zealously support Mr. Berry. Kearney will now have the name of some other person placed on the ticket, but his trick will not avail. Mr. Berry will carry the District, and not only the Democrats and New Constitution men and nearly all the Workingmen will vote for him, but so will some of the conservative Radicals. Denis Kearney's trickery, to betray the Workingmen into the hands of the Radicals, will fail at the polls, in the Third District, as it will in this city. He is a Railroad monopoly spy and tool.

The elephants, of all other wild animals transported by steamer, are confined in the strongest kind of boxes, and the boxes themselves are secured in the firmest manner. In a storm the lions, tigers and hyenas prove the greatest cowards. They also suffer a great deal from seasickness, and whine about it. The elephant utters a few sounds when he is seasick, but he sways his great head from side to side and looks "unutterable things." The horse is the most nervous and sensitive animal that goes to sea, and the hen shows the most utter disgust with life when seasick.

The New Orleans *Picayune* assures us that dreaming on a piece of wedding-cake is not always a sure thing. Mince-pie and cheese are much more certain.

Violet.

There is a flower called violet,
Clad in bright azure blue,
Which folds at eve its petals wet
With twilight's falling dew,
Emblem of sweet humility,
This little violet to me.

Why nears this little floweret thus,
The azure of the skies?
Whence the aroma sweet to us
Which in its bosom lies?
Perchance a lesson to impart
Of beauty to the lonely heart.

As Jesus condescends to bless,
With sunshine, breeze and shower,
With all a Father's tenderness
This wayside little flower,
So will he watch, weak one, o'er thee,
To bless thee oft and tenderly.

—*Annie Wilton, in Waverley.*

London.

The streets, squares, shops and thoroughfares of all large cities are brimful of interest to any one; especially so is this the case as to London, no matter how *blase* one may feel as to city sights. The hurly-burly, the hurrying to and fro on the sidewalks, as well as the rapid peculiar whirl of the street hansome and cab; the shop-windows; the old-fashioned buildings and quaint specimens of architecture in many quarters; the odd little alleys, turns and courts; such a miscellaneous assortment of queer-looking folks, making up a seemingly never-ending procession of the sort one meets in Dickens and Bulwer; everything and everybody combine to make London so very attractive to the stranger. Here you are reminded of Broadway, there of Chestnut street, then again one feels as if he were plodding along one of the many thoroughfares of Cincinnati or Chicago. The visitor is impressed with the vastness of all his surroundings; that he is in the midst of a city of enormous magnitude and, as one passes from street to street, and quarter to quarter, now on foot, now on the top of a "bus;" then again whirling along underground at thirty miles an hour, or gliding down the Thames on a fast passenger steamer—there seems to be no end to the immense business and pleasure resources and surroundings of this wonderful city of London. It is as if having passed through the city of New York, one would, without any intermission of time or space, pass immediately through the great thoroughfares of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and St. Louis, and then the unsatisfactory feeling would arise that as much more remains undone for lack of time or from sheer want of energy and strength to do more. In a recent lecture, the speaker illustrated the immensity of the population of London by saying that "it contained more people than the entire State of Indiana, with the addition of all the people in Cincinnati and its neighboring cities." All of these together would fall short of the population of London something over a million, as it contains according to the latest statistics, a population of over four millions.

London is really a cluster of towns and villages. One inquires of a policeman or a citizen for some old and familiar street, and the reply will probably be, "Oh! that is in the city." You look around at the immense piles of buildings and wonder where you are if not "in the city." The meaning of the reply is old London proper. Then you hear of Chelsea, Pimlico, Brempton, Hampstead, Kensington, Hammersmith, in all thirty-six precincts, townships and villages—as if they were suburbs, as Brooklyn is to New York or Evanston to Chicago, but these all go to make up London, and are not separated in any particular from the great city. They are not suburbs but "London." How to take in such an immense mass of bricks and mortar, streets, river, parks, docks, squares and ten thousand other things clamoring for the notice of the ambitious sight-seer, is a very serious question. Some take a cab or a hansome and rush along simply to wherever the guide-books indicate; others get inside or on the top of a 'bus, while others who are patient and ingenious enough to study the routes, prefer to pass rapidly from point to point on the underground railway. If one has an abundance of time the best plan is to walk leisurely along "doing" a certain portion every day. Especially so after one has "done" the Tower, Westminster, National Gallery, St. Paul's, and other places and objects of special and historical interest. The passenger steamers on the Thames are pleasant modes of conveyance, and can often be used with pleasure and profit. If one is on foot, however, the streets of Old London, or "the city," can be made the most entertaining places in the world; especially so is this the case where one is familiar with English history and English novelists. You proceed but a little way before your attention is attracted by the name of some famous place, street or character in the history of the past or made familiar by an acquaintance with Dickens or some other well-known writer. Here, for instance, is Cheapside, a bustling, driving street of London; now filled with linen drapers, silk mercers and hosiers, one of the great thoroughfares of London in older times famous for its "riotings," "cross" and "conduit." Here is pointed out the spot or balcony where Queen Anne stood and witnessed the last Lord Mayor's pageant, now completely out of vogue. The great Hogarth, in his "Industry and Idleness," represents the procession entering Cheapside. Thomas a Becket was born here, and Milton in a small street near by. Mermaid tavern was frequented by Shakspeare, Raleigh and Ben Jonson. The general post-office, also in this neighborhood, is one of the great curiosities of the kingdom. Now we are in Cornhill, taking its name from an ancient corn market held here "time out of mind." Here, too, De Foe lived and Gray, the poet, was born. There is the Royal Exchange and there the Bank of England, concerning which a column of interesting items might be noted. Drury Lane contains the old and famous theater of the same name, and here Nell Gwynne was born. Here is Chancery Lane, where one of Dickens' characters flourished as a stationer, "Mr. Snagsby" by name, and where "Krook" had an establishment where "everything was bought and nothing ever sold." In these odd courts and quaint nooks of the great city there will seem to flit by you at times the Artful Dodger or the shuffling, creeping Jem Fagin or an Oliver Twist or Nicholas Nickelby. In Lombard street, the great Wall Street of London, you will see a wonderful counterpart of Tellson's bank, and perchance the *fac simile* of the old porter—body-snatcher, Jerry Cruncher, made so very unmistakable in advance by the "Tale of Two Cities." Here, too, comes a queer-looking old chap, reminding one of "Turveydrop," with his false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. Here is that tight-fisted, grasping old Ebenezer Scrooge and his clerk, Bob Cratchit. Now again you are cheered up with the sight of some passers-by wonderfully like the fat, cheerful, benevolent-looking Cheeryble brothers, and perhaps a veritable Micawber will "turn up" in the great throng or some others of the hundreds of Dickens' well-known characters. Casting our eyes now up to this corner of another street we discover that we are in the Strand, first paved in 1532. Here is the first of fifty churches built during Queen Anne's reign. This is given up to business now. In the Reformation nine bishops lived here, but now all traces of their residences are gone. Houndsditch and Holywell are filled with Jew clothiers, and Paternoster Row with booksellers, Thames Street with fish and fruit, and Lombard Street with banks and bankers. In Fleet Street lived Izaak Walton, and Richardson, the novelist. Here Dr. Johnson finished his famous dictionary in an old garret, and died. Childs' bank, the oldest in London, established in 1620, is here situated, as also another old bank, Hoares', established in 1680. Near here was arrested the great London fire, and a stone monument erected to commemorate the event.

If anyone cares to see where Oliver Cromwell lived, or Charles the First was beheaded, or where old John Rogers and hundreds of others were burned to death, or where Sir Walter Scott "put up," or where Goldsmith died, or where Spenser, the author of the "Faerie Queen" starved to death; his or her curiosity can be easily gratified with patience and a judicious handling of guide-books and people who know all about everything readily found "for a consideration," in London.

If the sight-seer is not pushed for time, there is no more entertaining manner of using portions of it than in the manner indicated in this sketch. It is like getting into the old attic of the old homestead and rummaging through the old letters and mementos of the past.—*T. G. Stewart, in the Interior.*

Niagara.

New York State is thinking about buying up a little waterfall popularly known as Niagara. Lord Dufferin first proposed that Canada should buy up her side of the cataract, while New York State purchased the other side, and both sides could thus be joined into an international park, to enter which there would be no charge. Governor Robinson referred the question to the late New York Legislature, and that body has appointed J. T. Gardner, Director of the State Survey, and F. Q. Olmstead, an adept at park matters, to visit the Falls, see what can be done in the matter, and report to the Legislature. These gentlemen are now at Niagara, and meanwhile the papers of the State are arguing the matter pro and con. The Buffalo *Express* thinks it will take $1,500,000 to acquire the land adjacent to the Falls, together with Goat Island, and consequently it goes against this expenditure. The *Advertiser* thinks differently, and is in favor of the purchase. The New York Evening *Post* believes that the cost would not amount to a million and wants a park. If an international park can be established at Niagara 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. At present the cataract is surrounded by land sharks of every description who bleed the traveler, no matter which way he turns, and have thus given Niagara the unenviable name it bears. Of course this does not apply to the hotel men and many other honest people there who are doing what they can to rid the place of gate-keepers and toll-men and hack-drivers. If the State of New York can forever get the environs of the Falls from the clutches of the harpies it will be a noble work that the country will not soon forget.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE AMERICAN PASSION.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes: Louis Blanc, in a recent speech at Troyes, told this story: "Two Americans called on me at Versailles before the sitting of the chamber, and asked me to point out to them Gambetta's seat. I pointed it out to them. They, one after the other, coldly, deliberately, methodically, with compressed lips, grave look, fixed eyes, looking every inch like men ordered to execute a grave task which required accuracy sat in Gambetta's seat, rose, sat in it again, one after the other, as if they were ascertaining its solidity. Stupefied, I puzzled myself to comprehend this singular manner of visiting the Chamber of Deputies, when one of the Yankees said to me: 'Monsieur Louis Blanc, would you be good enough to show us your seat, too?' Inquisitive to see their behavior at sight of my seat, I led them to it. When we reached it they, without saying one word, sat down in the seat each in turn, sat down in it a second time, like two gymnasts executing some feat. At last they drew from the pocket of their jacket a memoranda book, and each wrote: 'Chamber of Deputies, Versailles, sat in the seats of the Honerables Gambetta and Louis Blanc, Deputies.'"

To keep a lawn fresh and green put on frequently a slight sprinkling of salt or bonedust, or superphosphate, or any good fertilizer. When the soil is soft run the roller over; it helps the appearance greatly. The application of a little ground gypsum will also freshen up the grass. But, above all, never neglect to run the mowing-machine over frequently.

Those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful.

Lafayette at West Point.

The following letter, written by James D. Burnham, who was appointed a cadet at West Point in 1821, while in the employ of a business house at Detroit, is of considerable historical interest. Cadet Burnham was born at "Aurora in the Northwest Territory." He died at Fortress Monroe, Va., March 6, 1828; being at that time Lieutenant in the Third Regiment United States Artillery:

WEST POINT, Sept. 18, 1824.

To Mrs. Charles Ford:

DEAR SISTER:—Circumstances of an interesting nature obligate me to write to you and give a description, or at least make the attempt, of one of the most interesting scenes of my life. I allude to the arrival of Gen. Lafayette to this place. After the fete at Castle Garden, New York, which took place on Tuesday, 14th instant, he embarked on the steamboat *James Kent*, which was beautifully decorated with flags, etc., etc., having on board our committee on the part of the officers, and arrived at the Point on Wednesday noon. He was welcomed by a salute of twenty-four guns, national, which was fired from the hill immediately in sight of the dock, nearly 200 feet above the level of the river. After receiving the salutations of the academic board and officers of the post, he proceeded to the top of the hill, where awaited the battalion of cadets, paraded for review. Immediately on taking his post, a Federal salute was fired, thirteen guns, and a great number of evolutions were performed highly to the honor of the corps, who on this occasion seemed to manifest a desire to show their utmost skill. After the performance of the fete, the General was escorted to the library, which was splendidly furnished with busts and paintings by the most celebrated masters. Among them was a painting thirty feet in length by twelve in width, representing Napoleon with his daring army passing the bridge of Arcola, or as more commonly, though erroneously, called the bridge of Lodi. Each gentleman of the corps was here presented to Gen. Lafayette. I, of course, had the honor of grasping the hand of the much loved veteran, and I assure you I shall recollect the event as one of the most happy of my life. While awed by the presence of the august chief and stern patriot, surrounded by the gray-haired veterans of '76, clothed in their threadbare worn uniforms, which added not a little to the interest of the occasion, I could hardly realize that I saw in the smiling face before me, one who had braved so many dangers, suffered imprisonment and so much fatigue. He had the appearance of a man 50 years of age, who had always enjoyed perfect health and ease—not a wrinkle of sorrow was marked upon his smiling countenance. I inclose a badge such as was worn by each one of the officers and cadets on the occasion. It but feebly portrays his features, though bearing resemblance to the noble original.

At the close of the levee we sat down to a sumptuous dinner, well served. We had for guests, the Cincinnati corporation officers of New York City, officers of the army of New York, and many distinguished strangers.

At the proper time many toasts were drank. Before retiring Gen. Lafayette offered his toast in the following beautiful sentiment:

"The Military Academy of West Point. The republican school of liberty and equality, two inseparable sisters; the scientific bulwark of national defense, and the happy, most valuable bond of union. The old friend of their grandfathers offers to his young friends his admiration, his thanks and his blessing."

There, I have given you a hasty sketch of the interesting facts as witnessed by your affectionate brother,

JAMES D. BURNHAM,
Cadet in the Military Academy at West Point.

If the Sahara is Flooded, What?

The only important objection which has thus far been urged against the undertaking has arisen in the apprehensions expressed by a few scientists that the evaporation produced by so large and so shallow a body of water, exposed to the tropical sun, would be sufficient to deluge northern Europe with incessant rains, and to reduce materially the temperature in all the countries north of the Alps. It has even been feared that winds freighted with moisture on crossing the cold summits of the Alps, would precipitate vast volumes of water and produce a degree of cold which would give Denmark and northern Germany a semi-Arctic climate and produce a glacial epoch farther north. Is it not probable that all such apprehensions arise out of a misunderstanding as to the topography of the Sahara and North Africa? The entire region to be flooded is practically shut in by mountain-chains on all sides. The Atlas Mountains on the north, lifting their snow-clad peaks in some instances 12,000 feet, afford a sufficient bulwark for the protection of Europe from increased humidity. The only possible northernly outlet for air currents from El Juf would be across Tunis in a north-easterly direction over the widest part of the Mediterranean. Currents moving in that direction, if they reached Europe at all, would touch the shores of Greece after they had lost most of their humidity. M. de Lesseps, after a careful examination of the question, is convinced that it would result in the general improvement of the climate of Europe rather than in its detriment. The advantage of the increased evaporation to North Africa cannot be overestimated. The snow-clad cliffs of Aban, lying to the east of the proposed sea, and the Kong Mountains to the south, would bring down upon the parched desert grateful rains, which, with the assistance of cultivation, would in time no doubt redeem thousands of square miles from the desolation of the sands.—*Scribner.*

Referring to his personal resemblance to Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Collyer says: "We are both from blacksmith stock. Beecher's grandfather, I believe, was a blacksmith, and my father was a blacksmith, and so was I."

Value of the Eucalyptus.

It is pretty well understood now that one might as well urge the planting of cocoanuts and bananas in most parts of the United States as to plant the blue gum of Australia, better known under its botanical name of eucalyptus. Those who have had to write and talk and explain to keep the public from folly, have felt sore at those who gave them all the extra labor, and who might just as well have understood what they were writing about before they took their pen in hand. And yet all the talk about the eucalyptus has not been without the good results. Though it is now known that the true value of the eucalyptus is in the extraordinary demands of the great growth for water from the ground, it was not so clearly perceived before that rapid growing trees had this swamp drying power. Now, though that we cannot derive any value from the eucalyptus because it will not stand frost, we can plant in swampy places other fast growing trees which will dry the ground nearly as well. In a recent number of the London *Journal of Forestry*, Messrs. Maule, of Bristol, relates how a bog in South Wales, which was not only useless but dangerous, was reclaimed by planting it with Black Italian poplar. The trees grew so well that at the end of fifteen years, when they were cut down, the produce realized £13 per annum per acre for the whole period of fifteen years during which the crop had occupied the ground, it luckily happening that the poles were wanting in the neighboring copper works. The strong roots of the trees running through the underlying clay drained the bog, letting off the water in such a way that no other process of draining can accomplish. In these days of great demand for packing cases, says Messrs. Maule, the timber of the poplar is very valuable, and the tree has the additional property of arriving at a fit state to be cut down in a man's life time. When the timber was removed, a charge of gunpowder was inserted in each stool, which effectually burst them up, and rendered their removal easy. After the ground was cleared, a beautiful, rich, firm pasture remained. With reference to the drainage effected by the poplars, we are quite of opinion, from what we have seen in Italy and the South of France, that the good effects attributed to the eucalyptus are mainly due to the rapid growth, and the drainage of the soil by the roots, which not only absorb great quantities of water, but also supply channels for the water to filter away. The balsamic emanations are, to our thinking, of questionable influence in cases of malaria. In this country, at any rate, where we can get willows, poplars or elders for planting in damp places, we need not envy the Australians their eucalyptus.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Napoleon IV.

The telegraph brought to the readers of *The Hawkeye*, yesterday, the unhappy tidings, so often brought to us, that "Death loves a shining mark." The lust of conquest has overstepped its boundaries, and taken from us an unoffending life, a life full of promise but for the contagion of bloody glory. The sun of the "Subaltern of Corsica" rose from a bloody sea. It has shone red, on the pages of history for more than a century. It has set, at last, in blood again. The founder of Napoleonic imperialism waved the wand of authority among the conquered pyramids of northern Africa. The last hope of his race has fled into the darkness, like a shooting star, among the jungles of the south.

The ascent of the nephew to the throne of the French empire awakened in him the ambition of the uncle. Political pride and paternal affection made doubly welcome the advent of an heir to his name, his throne and glory. Louis Jean Joseph, the son of Napolean III and Eugene Countess de Teba, was born in Paries, March sixteenth, 1856. The thunder of the guns that proclaimed his birth was drowned in the enthusiastic roar of a loyal people. From that day, he became the hope of France. Not even the destruction of the empire and the exile of the Bonapartes destroyed that hope; for, after the insanity that followed the Franco-German war had died away, every Frenchman loved the boy, as much for his own brightness as for the name he bore. The world remembers the grim ambition of the father when he led his son to the battlefield of Saarbouck, and the gentle bravery of the lad as he sat between two contending nations to receive "the baptism of fire." Through all the reverses that followed he has borne himself as a gentleman, and with an intelligence beyond his years. With an ambition to honor his name, he so applied himself to study, and so adorned his mind, that even the republic would soon have welcomed him. But at the outset of a life which promised to perpetuate the glory of his family, he fell in a swamp, the victim of a barbarian's club; and the Napoleonic dynasty is at an end. For, in the other branches of the house are left none but enfeebled minds, devoid of influence, ambition or ability.

The cup of sorrow is now full for that handsome woman, whose life has been so full of brilliant success, of personal happiness and of domestic sorrow. The promising boy, "the child of love, though born in strife and nurtured in convulsion," was all she had left of all her greatness. In the loneliness of her advancing age, "the light of other days" is clouded by the knowledge that "the path of glory leads but to the grave."—*Hawk-Eye of June 28th.*

Tailor (to customer)—"I don't understand your style of doing things. Your salary is big enough to enable you to pay your bills."

Customer—"Well, who said it wasn't?"

Tailor—"You don't keep your word."

Customer—"Certainly I do. I told you I'd pay you out of my savings."

Tailor—"Well!"

Customer—"Well, I haven't saved any thing."

The bottom of the sea is composed of sixteen mermaids, twelve grottoes and 1,000,000 cart-loads of mud to the square acre, and poets need make no mistake in future.

The Romance of Old Age.

Generally the process of a late blooming love partakes of many natures, and in as much the outcome of circumstances as it is the crown of a full and ripe consciousness of a man's whole development at its highest point of perfection. Still, no matter how much alloy there may be in the feeling which alone deserves the name of love, its expression grows more beautiful and more suggestive as the individuals under its influence grow older. The sorrows it brings are more sacred and more venerable when they assail persons in advanced life. The intensity of silent, dignified, unselfish grief which a husband of fifty feels at the loss of his life-companion has tenfold the strength of the passionate sorrow of a young bridegroom bereaved of his bride. The feelings of a father losing his grown son are tenderer and deeper than the agony of a young mother losing her first-born in its infancy. Time itself is an element of grandeur when connected with grief or love: the network of pathetic thoughts and associations which it weaves round the heart is ennobling and sanctifying. Of all things that are beautiful in sentiment, full of tender suggestiveness, and alive with real poetry, none can compare with common things. The rose wreaths on a coffin are prosaic compared with the forgotten thimble and needle left in the sewing on the little stand in the accustomed corner. The living will not weep when they hear the service read over their deda, but the sight of the last shoes the dead have worn, the mark left in the book last read together, the rattle the child used, the broom the wife handled—anything, mean, tawdry, soiled it may be, that has a familiar association—will break the heart of the one left behind if he chance to let his glance fall upon it.

The same magic that lends poetry to such things dignifies and illumines other details of homeliness, old age, awkward manners, rooted customs and formalities, and such barriers to what is popularly known as romance. I know nothing more charming than love in middle age, with its timidities and delicacies blooming like spring flowers on the face of a rock. Only affectations and "playing at youth" are really contemptible, and almost invariably wherever you find these the real love is missing. Such blemishes are rarely tolerated in young people, and always lead one to suspect genuineness of the affection thereby caricatured, but with elderly people they are simply odious.

Akin to the romance of old age is the silent, unselfish romance of the awkward, the uncouth, the unrequited lover, be he young or old. He is a peculiar species of human nature—one of the noblest and worthiest, and therefore the least rewarded; I might almost add, the least appreciated. He always appeals most to my sympathy in the books in which he appears, and his figure is artistically so useful that he appears very frequently in novels. His love is always practical, always to be relied upon; he never spouts heroics, and then refuses to help you at a pinch; he does not belong to that exasperating set of beings, the most common in real life, "who would be so delighted to do this for you, only—" or who "wish you had come a day or two sooner; they could have done—"

As people grow older themselves, they understand the worth of real feeling in others, because they have marked in themselves its growth, and often in disproportion to the bodily growth; but very few of those who recognize its worth dare stand up against the world's shallow prejudices and defend the expression of true feeling when found in connection with unprepossessing and unromantic externals.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

VIGOROUS COMMENT ON A TRAMP LAW.—Wells Wetherells of North Manchester, Conn., who was appointed a special constable to hunt tramps under the new law of that State, writes that he won't engage in such dirty work. He says that "after trumpeting to the world that this country is the asylum of the poor, the oppressed, the down-trodden of all nations, I don't think it right to arrest them as tramps, as soon as they put foot in this State. I had rather hunt for slaves under the fugitive slave law, for there was at least a property right.

If the blind Bartimeus was in Manchester to-day, or the blessed Lord whom he followed, I should have to arrest them as tramps; for, 'inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my little ones, you have done it unto me.' I never yet refused a tramp something to eat, and don't intend to; for, naked tramps we came into this world, and naked tramps we will go into the next, and we don't know who will be in the legislature there. May I be put in the lock-up and fed on the provisions of this act if I do become a hound to hunt a man down because he is poor, and has nowhere to lay his head, and asks in charity something to eat."

SILENT INFLUENCE.—It is the babbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night, by the farmhouse, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as He "pours it from the hollow of His hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done—it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all that it is to be done.—*Albert Barnes.*

BUTTER TAFFY.—One-half pint molasses, one-half pint of water, one pound loaf sugar, one-quarter pound butter; let boil without stirring until, by dropping a little in water, you find it is done.

Jack Bunsby at the North Pole.

The small spot on the earth's surface called the North Pole lies inclined to the sun, in continuous sunshine from the 21st of March to 21st of September, and inclined from the sun, in continuous partial darkness, from the 21st of September to the 31st of March again—the maximum inclination of 23½ degrees into the direct light and heat of the sun being reached on the 21st of June, and the maximum inclination 23½ degrees out of the direct light and heat of the sun being attained on the 21st of December.

At the pole, during the six months' winter night of partial darkness, not a ray of sunshine ever touches land or sea, and ice is known to extend on every side of the pole thousands of miles south, even where there is much of the alternate day and night every twenty-four hours. The locality of the pole, must, of course, be the coldest spot on earth, about the 21st of December, the time of greatest inclination from the sun—it being at that time the very central apex of the northern winter—the place above all others continuously excluded from the rays of the sun, reaching the climax of terrestrial coldness, other things being equal, and in its conditions putting out of the question such a thing as an open polar sea at that point during that time. If there is sea water there and also land near for ice to anchor to, of course there must be plenty of ice, and, at the end of the polar winter night, six months, accumulation of snow, on land and ice, to melt and form a current southward on all sides during the six months summer day. If there is no land there, the agitation of the sea by storms may keep the ice and snow from forming into a solid field over the whole polar area, but at least from mush-ice, snow and spray immense ice-floes must be formed, to be drifted whithersoever the winds and tides may happen to tend. In fact, the whole Arctic basin known to exist around the earth, at least between the seventeenth and eighteenth parallels of latitude, bating only the interruption of Greenland, is evidently subject to these conditions of freezing and drifting during the northern winter and of drifting particularly during the northern summer.

At the pole during the six months' summer day, the sun shines constantly for these six months, at an average height above the polar horizon of 11¾ degrees. Now let the mind be fixed on the Arctic circle, 23½ degrees south of this pole, where we know open seas, or, at least opening seas to exist during the Arctic summer. At which place is the greater heat during the Arctic summer, at the pole or at the Arctic circle? Let us see. At the circle the sun, during the whole of the six months under consideration, has an average latitudinal altitude of twenty-three and a half degrees above the horizon at noon, which, if reduced by the daily longitudinal depressions of the sun, from the rising to the setting thereof, about one-half, which would make the average daily altitude of the sun at the circle also eleven and three-fourths degrees, the same as at the pole. But any given point on the circle is in the night shadow of the earth from one-half of the time (March 21 and September 21), to no part of the time, (June 21), giving an average of one-quarter of the whole time. This calculation would make a difference of the whole of the last factor in favor of the greater heat being at the pole during the six months of constant sunshine there, with also, perhaps, a better chance there for retained and borrowed heat, as there is no earth shadow there during the six months in question to waste the heat, and every wind must be a south wind at that point. Then there is at the pole, again, the seemingly well-established fact that the higher the latitude the greater the increase of light and heat comparatively, according to latitude, as the sun goes north—that is, that the increase of light and heat is disproportional to the increase in height of latitude in favor of the higher latitudes, on account of the constantly diminishing shadow of the earth. The pole must also share, in common with the rest of the Arctic regions, in the benefits of the natural theory and undoubted fact that the well-known "northers" of the tropics must be balanced by the corresponding southerners to the Arctic regions. And now, as we know, we have at least opening seas on the Arctic circle during the northern summer, the mathematical calculation we have made, together with a known fact of a vast tendency and escape of ice-floes and icebergs on all sides of the earth from the direction of the pole to the south, clearly gives us an actually open sea at the pole—if the place is not exclusively occupied by land—at least during the middle and latter part of the Arctic summer, from the time of the sea thawing out to its freezing up again.

If there is land there, or both land and sea, the vegetation that may survive on the land must be of a very peculiar nature—entirely different from that on other parts of the earth, and adapted to an alternation of a six months' winter night and a six months' summer day. So with any indigenious and non-migrating animals there may be there. As the semi-annual summer day can not be very cold or very hot, or very bright, and as the semi-annual winter night is never very dark, and must be tempered more or less by the ever-changing atmosphere—from north to south and from south to north (in fact, as we have seen, only south winds can touch the pole)—we are not prepared to say that either vegetable or animal life may not flourish at the pole until the negative is clearly demonstrated. This inquiry and study concerning the flora and fauna of the region would of course be among the first things to engage the attention of the Columbus-like navigator emerging from the south-bound ice fields and finding land in an open polar sea.—*New York Graphic.*

Who is it that skips around this country slyly loading up those guns and pistols which are taken down from the garret and snapped at folks, to go off and kill some one?

One quart of flour weighs one pound.

Intelligence Items.

Cornell University has graduated a class of sixty-eight young men.

Ten eggs usually weigh one pound before they are broken. Eight large ones will weigh one pound.

From statistics just issued it appears that there are 40,000 known or suspected thieves in England alone.

A municipal college for girls, to which the best pupils of the communal schools will be admitted, is to be founded shortly in Paris.

Out of 824 towns in the Western States that have recently voted on the question of local prohibition only 167 voted for license; the other 641 voted for prohibition.

Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, has given $2,000,000 to the Lehigh University—$1,500,000 for the institution and $500,000 for its libray. Also $300,000 for St. Luke's Hospital of the same city.

Several persons were recently fined £50 each at Birmingham for selling as tobacco a mixture which contained only one-fifth of the genuine weed, the rest being camomile flowers, logwood and liquorice.

In New York State there are 1,223,000 Roman Catholics, and in the archdiocese of New York city, which includes several suburban towns, there are 600,000. The number of priests in the archdiocese is 250.

In France there are fifty unauthorized Roman orders which possess a total of 398 houses and 7,414 members. The most numerous order is that of the Jesuits, who have sixty houses and 1,497 members. The Capuchins have thirty-one houses and the Franciscans twenty-six.

In consequence of the treaty recently concluded with Portugal for the development of the freedom of commerce and civilization in Africa, a British man-of-war has already been ordered to Mozambique to co-operate with the Portuguese for the suppression of the slave trade.

Murder, attempts at murder and assassination follow each other with fearful rapidity. Never in time of peace was human life held so cheaply as at the present day. In all parts of the country it is the same. Unoffending women and innocent children are killed with the same remorselessness as men are cut off in the midst of health without a suspicion that they were in danger.

London Ragged Schools.—The Ragged School Union of London expends about $130,000 a year in endeavoring to elevate the lowest and poorer classes. It has 30,500 children in Sunday Schools, 5,489 in day schools and 9,267 in night schools. It maintains 75 ragged churches, manages 82 leading libraries and 75 penny banks, besides superintending mothers' meetings, men's clubs, bands of hope and a variety of children's meetings.

Ventilation.

Being a Yankee woman, I venture to give my opinion on ventilation. I think it the easiest thing in the world to circulate pure, fresh air into every room in the house, and in a cheap way. Instead of whole panes of glass at the top of the upper sash, there should be strips of glass about three inches wide, cut so as to overlap a little, to keep out rain, like old-fashioned green window-blinds. The cross-piece next the top of the upper sash, on the outside, should be made wider and project out enough to receive the nicely fitted frame above that holds the slatted glass, which being fixed with a genteel slide on the inside, can be made to let in much or little pure air at any time; and I earnestly hope that the time will soon come when at the top of every door shall be fitted a false panel, with slats to let up or down at pleasure. It stands to reason that in this way impure air will go out and the pure air come in. While I am about it, I must say I think it an absolute fact, that many dear children die, and older people become feeble, for the want of the healing rays of the sun, which is carefully kept out by heavy window curtains for fashion's sake.—*Mrs. A. L. Beaumont in the American Home.*

Godparents.—Among the Russians, the godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it and to each other, and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors for the same child are not allowed to marry each other. In christening, the priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and, holding it by the head, so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ear, he dips it thrice into the water; he cuts off a small portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws it into the font; then, anointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and benediction

Mates.—Women are vivacious, men grave. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy; women, by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical. Taking these facts as a basis for our premises, we may conclude that men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humor of the wife. When these are tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand.

A Philadelphia druggist has a collection of old coins and autographs which is said to be worth $75,000. He has been thirty years making it. Just now he is engaged in collecting a series of the signatures of wives of the Presidents, and his latest acquisition is the autograph of Rachel Jackson, which is believed to be the only one extant.

Nothing makes an economical man feel worse than to stand in the postoffice and see those chaps go at it deliberately to blotch and destroy the stamps which have cost the public so much money.

The Tam O'Shanter Inn.

Ay, the very house in which Tam and Souter Johnny prolonged their market-night meetings, the foaming ale growing better with each successive draught, Souter telling his queerest stories, Tam and the landlady growing gracious—a house not less famous than the old Boar's Head in Eastcheap, or the Bell in Edmonton, named in these latter days after that drouthiest of "drouthy neebors," the incorrigible Tam, who elbows Rip Van Winkle, Bailie Nichol Jarvie, and Conn in our vagabond affiliations. It is a plain, plastered, thatched little tavern, tinted yellow, in contrast to the surrounding houses, which are white. Over the door is a sign-board with a creditable painting of Tam leaving the house,

"Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,"

and the souter grasping his hand with maudlin affection before he plunges through the storm toward Alloway. The landlord holds the history of the tavern precious, and on another sign-board he specifies its associations, with the additional announcement that "a chair and caup are in the house." The "caup" is the identical one drained by Tam, the chair the one he sat in, and it would be a teetotaler of less than usual flexibility who could pass without ordering some mild beverage as an excuse for viewing the interior.

The landlord's name is A. Glass, and he is not only a most devoted admirer of Burns, but also a poet in a very small way himself. He was absent at the time of our visit, and we were met at the door by the landlady, who showed us up a dark flight of stairs into the little snuggery where in olden times the more favored customers were entertained. Imagine a twilight room, about eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, with a clean sanded floor the wood being knotted profusely, and hollowed between the knots by the shuffling of many feet, ancient and modern; the ceiling is of well-seasoned, time-stained timber, and is bent as though the years passing over it, with the mutations of seasons, had left a weight upon it; the huge beams are so low that a stove-pipe hat must bow under them; the walls are smoky, and hung with a few autograph letters of Burns carefully framed; a big fire-place promises warmth on the coldest nights; and there is ample space for pipes, tobacco, and beer on a long table. These details being arranged in the reader's mind, he has an idea of the apartment in which the cronies of the poem met and sang over their "reaming swats;" but to be in a proper mood to conjure up a vision of the scene as it was, he should stimulate himself with a whisky punch of the kind that the landlady brews divinely; he should choose an evening for his visit; and, behold! in the blue cloud of smoke Tam appears toasting the souter for the twentieth time, and beaming with boozy happiness, while the buxom landlady stands near, ready to replenish the copious tankards as often as they are emtied. Never did boon companions swear reciprocal allegiance with greater fervor, nor jest or song elicit readier applause, than among the merry-makers at the inn on the stormy market night. The chairs that Tam and souter sat in night after night, authenticated beyond a doubt on the landlord's honor, are at the farther end of the room, each indicated by an inscribed brass plate. Sat in! Let us change the tense—the chairs that they *sit* in; for unless tobacco smoke and the silky vapor of Highland malt whisky mislead us, these two roisterers are before the fire now—Tam, with the broad-brimmed bonnet of the pattern that is called after him, and the souter, with his cap and apron, in a gleeful condition of receptivity. Thus may one who is ascetic concentrate a night with this jovial spirit company in an hour at the inn.—*W. H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Quaker's Compliment.—Our Quaker friends are, as is well known, consistent advocates of peace and non-resistance. Now and then, however, one of them finds it hard to continue true, in word as well as deed, to his principles. Such was the Quaker who, being on board of an American vessel during the war of 1812, advised the captain not to fight a British cruiser that was approaching. The captain, however, did not take the advice, and in the course of the engagement, the Englishman attempted to carry the American by boarding. The Quaker happened to be standing just where the first English sailor leaped on board. "Friend," he said, catching and lifting him high in the air, "thee hast no business here; thee must go out;" and he dropped him in the sea. When Gen. Winfield Scott was a youth, he went to a boarding-school kept by James Hargrave, a Quaker. Mr. Hargrave labored hard to inculcate peace principles in the heart of his pupil. But a few years after, young Scott joined the army, and in the war of 1812, rose to the rank of major-general. On visiting home, at the conclusion of the war, he met his Quaker teacher. "Friend Winfield," said the old man, extending his hand, "I always told thee not to fight; but as thou wouldst fight, I am glad that thou weren't beaten."

Tomato Soup.—Rub together a little butter, flour, salt and pepper, as for milk toast. Bring one pint of milk to boiling, and stir them carefully into it. Take one can of tomatoes and bring to boiling point, but do not boil. Pour the prepared hot milk into a warm tureen, then strain the hot tomato to this. Some people add one or two crackers pounded very fine. This is very nice indeed and is called soup a la zoyale.

Lima Beans and Sweet Corn.—For a change I cook these together, cutting the corn from the cob and cooking with the beans until tender and about dry. Season with butter, cream and pepper, salt being added when they are put on to boil.

Milk of Roses.—Put into a small bottle two ounces of rose water, one teaspoonful of oil of sweet almonds, ten drops of oil of tar. Shake the bottle until the whole is combined, and you have a nice cosmetic to apply to the skin after washing.

Home Joys.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely
Joys no stranger heart can tell."

It is a rare thing to see a lecture on neatness in these days. That virtue is considered so essential to a comfortable home that, as a rule, women look well to the ways of their household, and eat not the bread of idleness. Among well-to-do people, an untidy house, and unclean children are certainly the exception. But there is such a thing as neatness run mad. When a woman spends all her days in scrubbing and scouring, probing in cracks to find if possibly there may be some dirt hidden there, her neatness has become a sort of insanity that needs attention. These good souls—to sustain their reputation of being extra housekeepers — sacrifice much comfort, and are generally too weary to be cheerful company for either husband or children. A man will come home from his day's work, and find a wife too tired to talk or smile, and wonder how in the world a woman can make herself so tired pottering round a little housework. She has to explain that she has washed windows, and cleaned this, that and the other thing, that he thought was perfectly clean before she took so much trouble. Where there is not enough help in the house, this state of affairs is sad indeed, but where a woman can have plenty of help, and still persists in wearing out nerve and tissue in such a round of drudgery, she ought to be treated for that most provoking disease—overneatness. In the ideal home the mother begins the day by asking God to give her wisdom, and make her calm and tender and true. She does what she can do of household duties, without prostrating weariness, has always a bright greeting for the returning husband, and cheery words and sunny smiles for the little folks. What is the use of a woman wearing her life out doing things that no one would know she had done, unless she told them, when the fields are green, the birds singing, and the blue sky over all woos her to come out into the brightness and drink long draughts of health and freshness.

Detroit Currency.

A Texas dog ate up $8 worth of postage stamps and was mailed to that other clime.

Had the pilgrim Fathers known their business they would have landed on the banks of the Detroit River.

The value of one acre of strawberries equals the value of 325,000 young men who part their hair in the middle.

One of the Chicago Smiths has found a way to preserve his individual identity. He writes his name backwards.

It only costs $18 per cord to get firewood to the top of Pike's Peak, and then so little is thought of the wood that it is burned up.

Astronomers are still disputing as to the distance to the sun, though what differenee a million miles more or less can make is hard to see.

A Michigan genius proposes a church with an elevator in it for the choir to reach the gallery, and another for the sexton to reach the basement.

Most of the arrows for the archery practice are made of pine, and will break when they strike a citizen's cheek. Nature never makes a mistake.

A Mississippi man puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer."

When you come right down to "sounds of industry," a boy, a club and an old tin pan can do as much business as six carpenters working on a new house.

It is foolish to assume that the murder of Mrs. Hull proves the insecurity of life in this city.—[New York Mail. Oh, no. It proves how safe human life is there.

A Costly Ornament.

The general demand for a reduction of taxes has had no perceptible effect upon the officials, who are responsible for the appointments and fittings in the Mayor's offices, in the west wing of the New City Hall. Work is in progress upon these rooms, which inevitably leads to the supposition that those who planned it imagine the levy for the New City Hall construction is anywhere between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000. The office is being fitted up on a scale of magnificence unequalled in any other part of the municipal elephant. One ornament alone is said to have cost $1,500. It is in the shape of a mantel of fine onyx, and adorns the largest and central room of the Mayor's quarters. As a work of art it probably surpasses any other mantel in the world, excepting, of course, the mantels in the palace of that famous Russian prince who owns whole quarters of lapis lazuli. The mantel seems to be carved out of a single stone. The top slab is supported by two columns resting upon pedestals of onyx, and the whole is surmounted by an onyx clock about two feet high. A Kearney mayor would undoubtedly auction off this work of art and replace it with a mantel of similar design and exterior to those elsewhere in the Mayor's office, the workmanship of which, if not so costly as the onyx mantel, would still even by a Londoner be considered quite elegant enough to satisfy even the fastidious tastes of a Lord Mayor.—*S. F. Post.*

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has had a larger circulation in England than any book except the Bible. Next in popularity would probably rank "Robinson Crusoe." After that would come the "Waverly Novels." Nevertheless there are signs that all of these old classics of the people are waning in popularity. Shakespeare alone steadily grows according to the test of editions, and this fact is itself the highest proof of the sublime genius of this mysterious man.

Whiting wet with aqua ammonia will cleanse brass from stains, and is excellent for polishing faucets and doorknobs of brass or silver.

Removing Metallic Substances From Grain.

The introduction of grain-binding machines employing iron wire to bind the sheaves very quickly led to the discovering that the bits of wire, cut off each time a sheaf was bound, caused a great deal of trouble in the after process of grinding. The ends of the wire mixed with the grain reached the mill only to break and scratch the stones and machinery, and to produce friction and heating that sometimes resulted in setting fire to the mill. So serious became this matter that the millers objected to receiving any grain bound in machines using wire. Fortunately, the difficulty has been surmounted by the introduction of appliances for removing the bits of iron from the grain before passing it to the mill. Experiments showed that a common magnet hung in a grain-spout would catch and retain particles of metallic substances mixed with the grain. Several methods of accomplishing the same results are now in use in Western mills, and they may be divided into two classes: those using permanent magnets, and those using electro-magnets. It has been found that a dozen "machine" magnets (preferable to "horse-shoe on account of their shape) hung in a grain-spout are sufficient to arrest every particle of magnetic metal, from pieces of wire several centimeters long, down to iron filings and metallic dust. The usual plan is to saw off a portion of the top of the spout and divide it into three pieces and cut holes in each piece for the legs of the magnets, placing four magnets in a row across the spout. This gives three rows of magnets placed directly or diagonally across the stream of grain, the diagonal position being considered the best as the grain is driven from side to side in passing, and brought into close contact with the magnets. The magnets may be lifted out the spout in groups of four by taking off one of the covers, and may then be cleaned and put back without disturbing the others. Another method of hanging the magnets is to cut three slots across the spout, and hang the magnets on a rod with blocks between them to keep them in position. By this arrangement, the magnets may be removed one at a time, or in groups of three or four, as most convenient. By taking out only a portion of the magnets at one time, enough of them remain to keep up the work while the others are being cleaned. The metal adhering to the magnets is easily brushed off, two clearings in a day being found sufficient. By employing bars of soft iron in connection with coils of wire and a battery, electro-magnets may be used, and in lifting out the magnets it will only be necessary to break the circuit, when the metal adhering to them will instantly drop off. Another form of apparatus employs horse-shoe magnets, having a paper or wooden filling between the legs, set upright on the ends of arms revolving horizontally in a circular tank, very much after the manner of some forms of mixing-machines. The grain is delivered at the edge of the tank, and is pushed by the revolving magnets toward the center, when it escapes through an opening in the bottom of the tank. Another device employs a series of permanent magnets and a traveling apron for conveying the grain away after it has passed over the magnets. The only advantage of the use of electro-magnets is in the facility of cleaning them by breaking the circuit and demagnetizing the iron. By suitable clock-work this can be done automatically, provided there are appliances for shutting off the grain and for catching the metallic dust when the magnets are thrown out of action. The first and most simple of these grain-cleaning appliances was brought out by persons interested in mill property, and has been wisely given to the public without patent restrictions. The other appliances are patented.—*Scribner.*

An Engineer's Need of Nerve.

Unquestionably the bravest men in America are those who stand upon the foot-boards of the locomotives which draw the fast express-trains. But few persons are aware of it, but on the leading railways where connections must be made, if possible, only engineers known to be brave and daring are given engines on express-trains, and, as soon as an engineer shows the least timidity about running fast, he is taken from his engine and given one on a freight train to run. Two such cases have occurred recently on Indianapolis roads. Railroad officers state that the first sign that an engineer is becoming timid is that he will be five or ten minutes late, possibly a half hour, for some days or nights in succession. He is then called to an account, and, unless his reasons are convincing, another engineer is given his engine to run for a few times, and should he bring the train promptly on time, the first-named engineer gets a freight-train engine to run until he braces up. It is stated, however, that after an engineer allows his timidity to get a fair hold he seldom so far overcomes it as to have the bravery to step on to an express-train engine and run it at the speed necessary to make the time. Quite recently, an engineer on one of the roads running west from here got an impression that some accident was to happen to him, and one night, when running a fast express, he constantly lost time. At the first station when the train stopped, the conductor berated him for running so slow. The engineer actually shed tears, and owned that fear had overcome him, and that he dare not run fast, and at his own request an engineer of a freight-train which stood at this meeting-point was given the train to run through that night, the conductor telegraphing the train-master, asking that the request be gsanted. The timid engineer has since run a freight on the road.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder should weigh one ounce.

The System is often so Rapidly Reduced by a severe attack of Diarrhœa, or other Affection of the Bowels, as to get almost beyond the reach of medicine, before the patient can realize the necessity of looking about him for a remedy. Better keep by you Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a safe curative for Asiatic Cholera, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., and thus be prudently prepared to treat these complaints on their first appearance.

THE BEST **CLOTHING** For Men & Boys

C. C. HASTINGS & CO.

LICK HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Self-Measurement Rules Sent to any Address.

WAKELEE'S PATENT SQUIRREL and GOPHER

THE ONLY **POISON** Successfully used to PROTECT Standing Grain.

TRADE MARK.

EXTERMINATOR!

Sold by General Dealers and Druggists throughout the Coast.

H. P. WAKELEE & CO., Proprietors, Cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts. S. F.

PHOSPHATE SOAP

THE BEST

TOILET SOAP EVER MADE.

It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing Salt Rheum and a hundred other skin diseases.

If your wife will persist in the use of cosmetics buy her a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her to use it every night before retiring. In that way much of the harm will be avoided, as the skin will thereby be able to retain much of its natural vigor and beauty.

Natural beauty surpasses anything which can be imparted by artificial means. PHOSPHATE SOAP gives health to the skin simply by removing impurities and eradicating the poisons which give rise to skin diseases.

Cheap toilet soaps manufactured from rancid and refuse grease injure the skin and are really more expensive than PHOSPHATE SOAP, which retails for 25 cents per cake.

If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP for 25 cents, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

PHOSPHATE SOAP is made of the best toilet soap stock combined with the phosphate of soda and other materials beneficial to the skin.

If your wife is in the habit of using cosmetics of any kind, advise her to give up the pernicious practice, as the most harmless, face powders obstruct the pores of the skin and sooner or later injure the complexion, while PHOSPHATE SOAP removes all impurities and assists nature in developing a natural, healthy and really beautiful skin.

No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely.

Not only for daily use on the face and hands, but for bathing the entire body, there is nothing equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP. It is a thorough disinfectant and removes offensive odors of every kind.

Ladies who have injured the skin by the constant use of cosmetics may do much to restore their faces to that beauty which nature alone can give by constantly using PHOSPHATE SOAP.

Thousands of articles are palmed off on the public which have no genuine merit, but PHOSPHATE SOAP is the result of modern discoveries of celebrated chemists.

For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

Read the article from the Chemical Zeitung in another column. You can then understand how PHOSPHATE SOAP is compounded on scientific principles.

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STANDARD SOAP CO.,

204 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

DR. WHITE'S **PRAIRIE FLOWER**

THE GREAT **LIVER PANACEA**

Cures Every Form of LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEY COMPLAINT, DISEASES OF THE **STOMACH AND BOWELS,** And all Diseases arising from DYSPEPSIA, SUCH AS SOUR STOMACH, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, HEARTBURN, ETC.

Is Purely Vegetable.

Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced. Three doses will relieve any ordinary case, but the medicine should be continued until it effects a complete cure. It tones and invigorates the digestive organs and stimulates the liver to healthy action, thus preventing or entirely curing diseases arising from indigestion, or weak and impure blood.

Samples Free at all Drug Stores.

Large Size, Price 75 Cents.

For convenience in carrying, the Prairie Flower put up in lozenges, Price 25 cts. per box.

CHANNING WHITE, Prop'r, TOLEDO, O.

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STEAM FLOUR MILL FOR SALE.

This Mill is centrally located in the growing city of San Jose, Santa Clara county, and will be sold at a great bargain and on easy terms, if applied soon. Capacity, about 200 barrels in 24 hours. For particulars, address, or apply at once to Eugene Ay No 320, (Room 7), Sansome Street, San Francisco

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AMERICAN GRAPHITE

EVERLASTING AXLE GREASE.

IT WON'T RUN. IT WON'T GUM.

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UNIVERSITY MOUND COLLEGE,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Boarding School for Young Men and Boys.

Fall term begins July 21. For Catalogue apply to

JOHN GAMBLE, B. A., Principal.

YOSEMITE BITTERS

FREE FROM ALCOHOL. TRADE MARK.

The Only Temperance Bitters Known.

The best blood Purifier and Cathartic. Warranted to cure all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. An effectual remedy for **Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Chronic Diarrhœa, Piles** and all **Female Complaints, Scrofula, Skin Diseases**, etc. These Bitters are called for both sexes, and are destined to become a great household necessity. We recommend **Yosemite Bitters** for all chronic weaknesses of the **Kidneys** and **Chronic Liver Complaints.** For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, ...EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL, ...JULY 19, 1879

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

ELECTION, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3D.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HUGH J. GLENN.....of Colusa
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
LEVI CHASE.....of San Diego
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
W. J. TINNIN.....of Trinity
FOR CONTROLLER,
W. B. C. BROWN.....of Sacramento
FOR TREASURER,
G. T. PAULI.....of Sonoma
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
JO. HAMILTON.....of Placer
FOR SURVEYOR-GENERAL,
WM. MINIS.....of Yolo
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,
D. B. WOOLF.....of San Francisco
FOR SUPT. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
HENRY C. GESFORD.....of Napa
FOR CHIEF JUSTICE,
R. F. MORRISON.....of San Francisco
FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES,
E. W. McKINSTRY.....of San Francisco
J. D. THORNTON.....of San Francisco
T. P. STONEY.....of Napa
THOS. B. REARDAN.....of Nevada
E. M. ROSS.....of Los Angeles
S. B. McKEE.....of Alameda
FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,
1st Dist.-G. J. CARPENTER..of El Dorado
FOR BOARD OF EQUALIZATION,
3d Dist. C. E. WILCOXSON.....of Sutter
MEMBER OF CONGRESS,
3d Dist. C. P. BERRY.....of Sutter.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Superior Judge,
E. R. BUSH.
For Joint Senator,
J. H. HARLAN,
For Member of the Assembly,
D. N. HERSHEY.
For Sheriff,
JNO. D. LAWSON
For Clerk,
H. B. PENDEGAST.
For Recorder,
J. O. MAXWELL.
For Treasurer,
A. C. KEAN.
For Assessor,
FRED. KLAYS.
For District Attorney,
W. H. GRANT.
For Superintendent of Schools,
JNO. W. GOIN.
For Surveyor,
L. EVERETT.
For Public Administrator,
S. L. MONDAY.
For Coroner,
P. KRELLENBERG.
For Justice of the Peace, Cache Creek Township,
E. PETERSON.
For Constable, Cache Creek Township,
S. MONTGOMERY.

A HEAD WANTED.

The position of the Democratic party of this State, is not an easy one at the present time, as regards the head of the State ticket. Dr. Glenn, the Democratic nominee for Governor is the nominee of another party, whose ticket he has pledged himself to support. If the tickets are allowed to stand as they are at present, the straight Democrats will cast their vote for Glenn, but it will go against the grain of a great many. and some will not vote for Governor at all. What we would like to see is a man placed at the head of the ticket whose Democracy is unquestioned, and who is willing to stand by the party in this fight. The Democratic State Central Committee will meet in San Francisco to-day to act on this question, and we hope something will be done that will tend to unite the party, and put it in condition for the campaign next year. If Glenn is left on the ticket he will get our support, because that is the best we can do under the circumstances, but we would much rather see a genuine Democrat, one that would not forsake the party in her hour of need, at the head of our State ticket.

Hon. Jesse O. Goodwin, of Marysville died suddenly at Vallejo White Sulphur Springs on Tuesday last.

The detectives are still working at the Wheatland mystery, but nothing has been learned that will help to unravel the mystery in the least.

A prohibition ticket has been placed in the field by the prohibitionists of California. M. C. Winchester of Knights Landing is the nominee for Controller.

A teacher in the San Francisco Industrial School, was struck on the head with a club in the hands of a pupil, this week, receiving injuries from which he died.

HONEST ADVICE.

Since the STANDARD has been started we have been told time and again by members of the N. C. P. that we ought to have started a new Constitution paper and our success would have been assured; that nearly every new party man in the county would have subscribed, and that it would have been a paying investment from the start. When we mentioned to these reformers that we did not think the new party was the correct thing, and that we would thus be running a paper in opposition to our own principles, they invariably replied, "that would make but little difference when the money matters were considered."

Now while we do not believe that we would have really made any more money in the long run we do believe we would have done so on the start. They would all have subscribed. 400 names added to the list we already had would have made a respectable showing for a new paper. We are not casting any slurs at the party so we place the number at its maximum figure—400. We might have received two or three small advertisements from members of the party, and that would have been the extent of our profit in advocating a cause which we really condemned. After the present fight was over we suppose we could sneak back into the old party, like the rest of them will do, and after getting back, kick up such a row and yell so loud that no one would ever suspicion that we had belonged to the short lived party of reform. The wear and tear of conscience for telling big lies against the Democrats, and bigger ones in favor of the H. B.'s we have not counted in, but we have figured enough on it to show to our own mind at least that it would have been a losing game. But what honest reformers these new party men must be to advise a young man to adopt such a course. But we suppose they judge other people by themselves, and have come to the conclusion that they have gone into this movement to make something out of it. That something in most cases is an office.

"The Republican Press of this State are urging the claims of George C. Perkins for Governor under the specious plea that the election of a man of his position and standing is needed to restore public confidence. They assert that merchants, bankers, insurance companies and all other business men are moving cautiously, and are afraid to make investments on account of the unsettled condition of affairs, and to remove the hindrances and to open the way to better times the election of Mr. Perkins is essential. There is but little doubt that bankers and that class of men are anxious to see one of their own kind at the head of the State Government. On the other hand, the feeling of the people is against a monopolist; the majority of our citizens, men who have small farms or are following a mercantile or mechanical business, feel the oppression that has been caused by steamboat, banking and other monopolies, and are cautious about vesting the powers of State in the hands of a man who is connected with a steamboat company that, at least, attempts to monopolize all the Coast trade, which pools freight and fares with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and who is directly interested in banking corporations as President of one of the banks of San Francisco. Viewed in this light, the argument must fall to the ground. The State has suffered materially in the past few years from the distrust with which the mechanics, farmers and laboring-men have regarded the power of corporations, and the election of Geo. C. Perkins will only tend to the continuance of this feeling, and so far from restoring public confidence, and removing the prevalent hard times, it will increase them in force and intensity."—*Sonoma Democrat.*

The elections to be held this year are as follows: Kentucky, August 4th, State officers and Legislature; California, September 3d, State and Judicial officers, four Congressmen and Legislature; Maine, September 8th, State officers and Legislature; Ohio and Iowa, October 7th, State officers in part and Legislature; Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Wisconsin, November 3d. Governors are elected in all the States named, except Mississippi, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

JOINT SENATOR.

The Democratic Joint Senatorial Convention of Yolo and Solano counties, which met at Davisville on Saturday last, performed its work in a satisfactory manner to the people of the two counties by placing in nomination J. H. Harlan, of Yolo. Mr. Harlan is a man of many sterling qualities, and has served the people in other positions, never proving recreant to the trust placed in him. His election is a foregone conclusion. The following is his letter of acceptance:

WOODLAND, July 15, 1879.

JAMES O'NEAL, Chairman of the Democratic Joint Senatorial Convention of Yolo and Solano counties:

Dear Sir—I have been informed by Mr. Sims, Secretary of the said Convention, that I have been nominated by said Convention for Joint Senator, for which I return my thanks, endorse the Democratic Platform and accept the nomination.

Very Respectfully Yours,
J. H. HARLAN.

Under the Radical Administrations of New York in recent years, the management of the canals cost the State three millions of dollars annually. Under the honest and wise Administration of Governor Robinson the cost has been reduced to four hundred thousand dollars per year. The present State Administration of California has cut down expenses to a total much below that of the Administration of Newton Booth, and if the people want this wholesome economy and retrenchment further practised, under the new Constitution, they will again elect Democrats to administer the affairs of State. Radicalism and extravagance go together, and Democracy and reform are inseparable. Tax-payers should duly weigh the matter and vote accordingly. —*Examiner.*

Geo. C. Gorham has flopped clean over, and will address the citizens of San Francisco to-night in favor of Glenn and against Perkins for Governor. We do not believe he is taking this course for any other reason than that he will either rule or ruin the Republican party of this State. He will no doubt tell some very homely truths during the campaign, as he is to stump the State, and will be a thorn in the side of the party he has so long been identified with. "When the thieves fall out," etc.

The voters of California are very independent as a general thing, and look at the records of the various candidates before making up their minds. The present Democratic State officers who are candidates for re-election have acquired reputations for honesty and economy during their administration that will have a heavy influence on the voters of California. The people are not going to trade honest actions for empty professions.

We have received the *Masonic Monthly*, published at San Francisco by J. M. Kinsly and W. G. Alban. It is a magazine devoted to the interest of the Masonic fraternity, and besides presenting a splendid typograhical appearance, is ably edited, and contains much interesting reading matter. The subscription price is $2.50 per year.

All the sophomores who were expelled from the State University for issuing a "bogus" are still "out in the cold" and show no disposition to give the names of the writers of the obnoxious document.

The original policy of this Administration should be advertised for as lost, mislaid or stolen. Civil service reform has probably disappeared down the same rat-hole down which the so-called policy of conciliation went. — *Wilmington Every Evening.*

There are now in port at San Francisco, under engagement to load wheat, 21 vessels, of 30,170 tons tonnage, having a carrying capacity of 900,000 centals. There are 25,000 tons of disengaged tonnage in port, and 166,000 tons on the way here.

NEW YORK, July 16th.—It is stated by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company that the rapid development of Washington Territory and the demand for railroad facilities have determined them to commence the construction of the road from the Columbia rived eastward to Pen d'Oreille Lake, 200 miles. They have accordingly issued a circular calling for an additional $2,000,000. The subscriptions closed yesterday, the entire amount having been taken by stockholders, and the construction will begin as soon as the line can be located. Two thousand tons of steel rails were purchased to-day for this road.

The yellow fever scare has subsided in Memphis, the disease not having taken the form of an epidemic.

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of Sacramento are going to establish a branch office in Woodland, so we are informed.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD RIDING AND DRIVING PONY.—Has been used for the last three years by a lady, and is perfectly gentle and kind everywhere. Have no use for him any longer and he must be sold. Inquire of
L. WALKER,
At the Postoffice.

DR. HODGEN,
DENTIST.
OFFICE up stairs in Excelsior Block, Woodland, Cal.
Teeth Extracted without Pain.
All work warranted of best material and finest style of the art. Set of teeth on fine gold plate, $40, that used to cost in San Francisco $100. jy19

JOHN W. GOIN,
Democratic Candidate for
SUPERINTENDENT of SCHOOLS,
YOLO COUNTY.

HUDSON GRANT,
Democratic Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
YOLO COUNTY,

E. R. BUSH,
Democratic Candidate for
SUPERIOR JUDGE,
YOLO COUNTY.

H. B. PENDEGAST
Regular Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY CLERK
YOLO COUNTY.

THIS SPACE
Is reserved for the new advertisement of
KING, PHOTO.
Which will appear next week.
LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Great Bargains!
—IN—
F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!
Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,
5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.
my10-3m

THE PIONEER
CORNER STORE.
WOODLAND
A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Grain,
Grain Bags,
Sack Twine,
OILS,
Etc., Etc., Etc,
LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,
—AND—
FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED
To Everybody.
Call and See Us!
A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.
Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

SUBSCRIBE FOR
—THE—
WOODLAND STANDARD,
Published Every Saturday
AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR,.....$2.00
Six Months,.....$1.00

The STANDARD will be furnished during the present political campaign

FOR 50 CENTS,

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year, in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

Wm. H. Lawson is our authorized agent for Yolo county, and is now engaged in canvassing for the STANDARD. We ask for him a kind reception wherever he goes, and if people do not want him to talk them to death, they can stop him at any time by giving him $2, for which he will give them a receipt for one year's subscription.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Fifty-two new names have been added to our subscription list this week.

New Constitution Cigars at St. Louis' Variety Store. The best in Woodland *

L. Walker, postmaster, has a pony for sale. Safe for a lady to drive. See advertisement.

The circus drew a small crowd on Wednesday night, but as large as its merits deserved.

Pure Kentucky Whiskies and Peach Brandy for medicinal purposes at Elston's Drug Store. *

Ex-Gov. Woods and J. G. Swinnerton, Republican speakers, will address the people of Yolo county at Woodland on Monday evening July 21st.

As Newton and Ogburn have such a great love for anything of the horse kind, is it strange that they should pay attention to such an elegant jackass as Kearney.

A minstrel troupe consisting of three members was entertaining the visitors of the various saloons in town last night. A collection was taken to defray expenses.

CAPAY RAILROAD.—We learn that D. Levy, Capay, has the strictest Cash Store in Yolo county. You can save from 25 to 50 per cent in buying your goods from him. *

We wish to state, "officially," that it is Bruce Pendegast, and not Wick, that is the candidate for County Clerk. We mention this in justice to both of them.

Where, oh where are those dailies that the Republicans and Foxtails were going to publish? Have they been neglected, or are they waiting for a chance to spring on this community unexpectedly?

King the photographer, is taking better pictures than ever. He has a number of splendid views of Yolo county scenery, which he offers cheap. Look out for his new ad. next week.

As the campaign progresses the Democrats of Yolo county feel more and more confident of success. The comparing of their ticket with the others in the field shows it to be composed of the best men as to ability and everything else.

The place for Davisville people to buy their hardware and agricultural implements is at E. W. Brown's. He keeps a splendid stock of goods and his prices are low. Call on him when you want anything in his line.

Wheat buyers are getting very numerous in this vicinity, and as the market has an upward tendency farmers have no fears about getting a fair price for ther crops. Barley is very low—being worth but 65 or 70 cents per cwt.

A. Butz, the popular tailor has recently fixed his establishment up in fine style and has as large a display of goods as one can find in the city establishments. He has lately reduced his price list, and is making goods at very low figures.

The Woodland Cadets will give a performance at Washington Hall on Thursday evening next, which should be well patronized by our town people. The object of the entertainment is to raise funds for the purpose of purchasing uniforms for the Company.

W. H. Hampton has recently purchased the Davisville lumber yard, and people in that section of the county will find it to their advantage to call on him. Having the best facilities for purchasing he can afford to sell lumber as cheap as it can be purchased in Vallejo.

Jno. W. Goin the candidate for Superintendent of Schools on the Democratic ticket, is bound to make a splendid run. He is popular all over the county, and being known as a man of sterling integrity, as well as of fine attainments, he will likely have a majority over both his opponents.

W. W. Theobalds has received the contract for printing the Great Register of Yolo county at $9.50 per one hundred names. This is a great saving on the previous plan of letting it at $15 or $16 per hundred names, and then having the parties receiving the contract send the work away, and getting it done for a little over half the amount, thus clearing several hundred dollars on the job without doing any of the work.

Capay N. C. P.

The citizens of the 5th Supervisors District of Yolo county, met in convention at Capay in persuance of a call of the County Central Committee of the N. C. Party, for the purpose of making a nomination for Supervisor, when it was found that all the voting precincts of said district was not represented, owing to the busy season of the year among the farmers, and after a full discussion of the matter it was deemed best to adjourn the Convention to some future date without making any nominations. Convention to meet again at the call of the Chairman of the meeting of which due notice will be given. It was further ordered that a copy of the minutes of this meeting be furnish to each of the county papers for publication. DR. W. E. FIFIELD, Chairmrn.

W. M. LOWER, Sec,

Kearney.

We have seen him and heard him talk. We were prepared and expected to see a fraud, but he leads our expectations by several lengths. In his speech of two hours length, delivered in Woodland on last Wednesday evening he did not advance a new idea, or offer one single remedy for the many wrongs and abuses that he mentioned as existing. We don't blame him much for lying. It is hard work for a stump speaker to tell the truth for two hours on a stretch. He had a large audience who looked at him during his performance much as they would at the antics of the learned-pig in the side-show to a circus. He wound up his intellectual harangue with the following beautiful peroration: "When the jocund God of day gilds the hills of Yolo county on the morning of September 4th, 1879, California will have achieved herself." If that isn't oratory and sense combined, then Kearney is no fraud.

Madison and Langville.

Our canvassing agent took a trip to these towns this week, and came back with a large list of subscribers. In Madison he found business lively and grain coming in in large quantities, and said to be of good quality.

Fred. Henrich, the butcher, and Geo. Tandy, harness-maker, report business as fair, despite the hard times. The Madison Hotel is now being run by Ed. Jacobs and John Rupley, who are keeping a first class house.

At Langville, ten additions were make to our subscription list. Andy Summ, butcher, T. J. Lewis, harness-maker, D. Levy, merchandise, and J. Doty, dispenser of liquors, all subscribed, and as a consequence we expect to see their business double itself in the next few day. The crops in this part of the county are the best ever seen there. Mr. J. W. Aldrich says he has lived there 13 years, and he never saw as good crops. If they only had a railroad to Woodland, the farmers of that valley would be happy.

A Curtain Lecture.

The people of Woodland are proud, and are great admirers of anything that adds to the beauty of their already beautiful town. There is one thing in Woodland that we are all proud of. It is the beautiful drop curtain in Washington Hall; and while we admire the painting, we revere and almost worship the great talent of the unknown but giant mind that conceived the design and transferred it to the canvass. Oh what beauty and blending of colors! It is almost impossible for a person to sit, in that hall for a half hour previous to the rising of the curtain, and not have his thoughts go back to the "old masters," and wonder if this is not by one of them. But if it is, how came that beautiful image of Shakespeare there? They lived before his time. We are inclined to the opinion that some modern artist executed this grand work of art, and then died. Let us not hope that he has met his just reward.

Now we want to make a little suggestion. That curtain will soon be destroyed by wear and constant use if it remains long where it is, and we suggest the idea that it be taken down and carefully stowed away where it will be safe. Then let an entertainmet be given by local talent, the proceeds to go towards the purchase of a new one. A movement in this direction will be responded to quite liberally.

The most popular cigar is the "Bumblebee" and the best brand of tobacco is the "Gravely," to be had at Elston's Drug Store. *

Personals.

R. Clark, N. C. P. candidate for "Deestrict" Attorney, has been in town this week.

Dr. Pinkham and family left this week for a trip to the mountains of Lake county.

D, M. Burns has gone on an electioneering trip through the southern counties. He will be absent several weeks.

Hank Ogburn and Lewis Olds will start next week for Trinity Mountain, where they intend to slay the deer and bear "without regard to race, color or previous condition."

P. H. Coggins, Esq., Court Commissioner of the District Court for Sacramento, accompanied by his family and several friends from the city, passed through town last week on their way to the mountains and outdoor life for a few week.

ENTERPRISING.—Whittemore & Higginson, our new druggists are proving themselves to be enterprising business men, as a step into their beautiful drug store will prove. They have lately received a large addition to their stock of goods, directly from New York, among which are several novelties in the California market. Call on them for parlor matches—you will be surprised to see how cheap they can sell them.

There is nothing so refreshing as those ice-cold drinks from the Arctic Soda Fountain at Elston's Drug Store. *

PATCH BLUE.—This is a new invention for bluing clothes, to which our attention has been called by those popular druggists, Whittemore & Higginson. The blue material is put on little patches of cloth (2x3 inches), one of which will furnish all the bluing desired for a good sized washing. One peculiarity of the blue is that it deposits no sediment, but its solutions are perfectly clear and its color a beautiful and perfect blue. There is not the slightest trouble in using it; and its cost is far less than any other bluing in use. Give it a trial and you will use no other.

Maltby and Ogburn both tried to secure the chairmanship of the Kearney meeting, but failed. Hank accupied a prominent position on the stand, however.

Pinafore.

The production of the comic opera of H. M. S. Pinafore at Washington Hall this week by the Amy Sherwin troupe was a success. The name of the troupe should be changed, as Miss Sherwin is not with them, she having resigned her position some weeks ago. Her place is filled by a Miss Hunt, one of the chorus Although not a good actress, she sings well, and fills the part acceptably. The characters of Sir Joseph, Dick Deadeye, and Buttercup were admirably acted and well sung, and furnished a good deal of amusement. There was a large attendance, and we noticed nearly all of those present who intend taking part in the opera when it is presented this Fall by local talent. The music is light, but very pleasing and we see no reason why Woodland can not produce it as well as any town in the country. Our town does not have enough local entertainments of this character, and all movements towards furnishing amusement of this kind should be helped along by the united efforts of our citizens.

Serious Accident.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Jude McClurg; who lives about four miles south of Woodland was thrown from a buggy and seriously injured. It appears that he was sitting in his buggy near the open doors of his barn, with the lines lying across the dash-board. The mule attached to the vehicle started at a lively gait towards the barn entrance, and, as Mr. McClurg stooped forward to get possession of the lines the wheel of the buggy struck a post in the ground, throwing him out, his head striking with great force on the sill of the door. He was rendered insensible, and Dr. Ross was called, who found that the blow had produced concussion of the brain. Although the injuries are of a serious nature, the Dr. informs us that Mr. McClurg will be all right in a few days, as he is improving steadily. Mr. McClurg received several other bruises about the body, but they are not of a serious nature.

Board of Supervisors.

July 14, Board met—regular meeting.

Petition of Jefferson Wilcoxson and others praying for a river road one-and-a-half miles below Washington. Petition granted and ordered that Roadmaster Entrican grade a certain piece of said road.

J. C. Taylor tendered his resignation as Justice of the Peace for Grafton Township, which was accepted.

Ordered that Roadmaster Mull repair the road running from Woodland across the tules to Colonel Hall's, on Sacramento River.

On motion ordered that F. E. Russell be allowed $29 for work done on Stephenson bridge over Putah Creek.

Petition for bridge at English Slough continued until next regular meeting.

Ordered that petition for Road No. 144 be postponed to next regular meeting.

Petition of G. B. Lewis and others received and filed. Bond approved.

Roads Nos. 146 and 147 continued until next meeting.

A WINTERS ITEM.—We have been requested by Col. Gilbert, to state for the benefit of the different society organizations of Winters, that he has as yet received nothing of their histories for publication in the Illustrated History of Yolo County. This is a matter that should be attended to at once, and if the members of those societies feel any local pride they should give the matter their attention. But little work is necessary, and as the directions as to what is wanted have already been furnished, there should be no cause for a further delay.

The *Mail* seems to think that if a man is a good vocalist he will make a splendid Superior Judge. We rather incline to the opinion that mental qualifications are most necessary in that office.

Postmaster Walker got mad the other day and cleaned the glasses on the boxes in the P. O. It was a much needed improvement and gives the office a brighter look.

Bob McLaine made a hit as the midshipmite in "Pinafore," at Washington Hall on Thursday evening, and went through his part like an old salt.

Subscribe for the STANDARD—eight pages, $2 a year.

A Letter from "Rebecca."

MADISON, July 16th 1879.

EDITOR STANDARD.—Amongst my mail of Saturday last I found a copy of the WOODLAND STANDARD, a bright, newsy, sensibly edited paper, and with which I was much pleased. Many thanks to the sender, and hope he will continue in *right* doing, and every honest prosperity to the paper and its energetic proprietor. Along with the good feeling of receiving and reading the newspaper which it naturally creates, comes the desire to say something, if only for the simple reason of having it added to its "patent inside," and again to prove that 'tis good to have a little foreign *i. e.* "outside" communication not at all foreign to the subject, aim or interest to the place, or people which you intend your paper to represent. Why, Editor STANDARD, what in the world would we want of a paper whose inside was not filled with outside" matter? Why, a good Christian brother said not very long since he did hope the war would continue, for he had a mighty fine crop, and 'twas the foreign market he depended on; *Deo gratias.* And ain't it the foreign element that has created all this political excitement? Ain't the knowing ones found out 'twas foreign, *i. e.* inimical to the interests of this State to present to its people one who by his acts proves himself foreign to those interests? Ain't it foreign to charity—justice, to give a fellow eight or ten terms, and others just as capable, as worthy, anxiously waiting their turn to come? Ain't it foreign to right to endorse and support a grand, good man who is able to live at his ease and leisure, have his bread ground for nothing, while just as good a one has the same desire but earns his by the sweat of his face, *i. e.* intellect? But its a little foreign to my intentions when commencing this to draw my *good friends* into notice.

The general impression in these parts is that the grain is and will be much better and greater than was thought for some few weeks ago, and the harvest season is briskly drawing to a close. The screech of engine whistles are numerous. Threshing and threshers have lost their horror to our worthy housekeepers; they either board themselves or engage with some hotel proprietor to board them. One or more threshing crews that have come up this way, brought a portable kitchen, cook, etc., with them. As I drive to Madison great piles of bright, new, full sacks meet my eye, and I know it's with a light heart the owners of said piles contemplate them, though they know 'twill weigh down heavy in their pockets. Well, may they make their pile, for that brings improvements as you'll say when you come out to see us, and see the new tank-houses, windmills, additions, dormer windows, marriages, etc., etc., And did I not mention such facts and fancies and realities, 'twould be "foreign" to the generous nature of your occasional correspondent.

REBECCA.

Miss Gertrude and Maud Walker left Woodland on Thursday last for Oakland, where Miss Maud will enter the Conservatory of Music for the completion of her musical education.

Whitelaw Reid, one of the editors of the New York Tribune is visiting California.

MARRIED.

At the Craft Hotel, Tuesday, July 15, 1879. by Eld. J. N. Pendegast, Watson Barnes and Miss Marinda Houx.

DIED.

In Woodland, Saturday, July 12, 1879, Martin Luther Stoddard, aged 80 years.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF YOLO COUNTY.

We are preparing to illustrate and describe your County. The plan of this work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, Farm Mills, Mines, Schools, Churches, Hotels, and Business Houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and prosperity of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray.

The Illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the country will be visited, and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.

We have arranged for the publication in our work of the official maps of the county, thus supplying a long felt want by placing in the hands of every subscriber a copy of the map, which will be well drawn and lithographed and divided into six sections. Each section will contain six Congressional Townships and be sixteen by twenty-six inches in size.

Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enterprise, business and wealth of the County.

DE PUE & Co., Publishers.

Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

DRUGGISTS.

[SUCCESSORS TO MACK WEBBER.]

One Door West of Express Office,

WOODLAND.

We take this opportunity to thank the citizens of Woodland and surrounding country for the liberal patronage shown to us during the short time we have been here, and will state that we shall always keep a well selected stock, which we will sell at unusually low prices, thereby obviating any necessity for leaving our town to look for better supply or prices elsewhere.

The articles in our line are too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but we shall enumerate a few of the more prominent:

Pure Cream Tartar, Baking Soda Washing Soda, Strictly Pure Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Gum Camphor, Persian Insect Powder, (sure death to flies and all insects), *Fly Sticking Paper, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Chest Protectors Rubber Combs, Horn Combs, Brushes in great variety, Celluloid Combs and Brushes very cheap. All the*

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

French and English Perfumery,

BOTTLES FOR DECORATING,

A Fine Lot of

FANCY SOAPS, VERY CHEAP!

Nursing Bottles in great variety, and a fbll assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, Etc., Etc.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

ST PLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

ap26

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL,

mar15.

FARMERS' & MECHANICS'

STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected tock of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

AND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATRIAL.

ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.

☞All our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC'LEOD.

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

Life Clouds.

Our path through life is clouded oft
By many a storm severe,
With trembling heart we view the cloud,
We wait, we hope, we fear.

Our spirits shrink before the blast,
We feel its icy chlll,
The soul in waiting sorrow bows,
Yet fain would say "Thy will!"

It nearer comes; soon, soon 'twill fall
Where shall we shelter find?
Where for protection shall be flee,
For rest to heart and mind!

'Tis past—and leaves a quiet calm,
Whence comes this cooing dove,
Into the heart late tempest-tossed,
With songs of peace and love?

A still, small voice has been our stay,
The "silver-lining" shed
A radiance bright, as dread clouds burst
In blessings on our head."

—*Mary Stanley in Waverly.*

Making Amends.

I was fain to supplement my income, pending the time when my learning, eloquence and acute instinctive grasp of difficult cases in all their bearings, should have brought the British solicitor to my feet—with such literary work as I could obtain.

Having an uncle an editor, and two college friends successful journalists, my efforts were not doomed to that disappointment which awaits the vast majority of young men and women who are tempted by some early magazine acceptance to engage in that great, never-ending competitive examination, comprised in the endeavor to earn a living out of periodical literature, and I got as much occupation for my pen as I could perform without neglecting my legal studies and prospects. Among other pickings, I received a guinea a week for an article in the *Blank Review*. Ostensibly it was the review of a book, but in reality the said book was the excuse or text for an essay which was intended to be witty, but was too often, I fear, merely flippant.

"I do not care for a dull account of the book you review; all I want is a paper," said the editor. And I did my best.

One of my most facetious papers, I remember, was written *apropos* of a little volume of poems issued in the orthodox green cover, and entitled "Echoes of the Heart," by "Dora." I did not take the trouble to read them, but just dipped in here and there without cutting the leaves, to get points for funny "copy." I found one couplet, for example, in which girl was made to rhyme with curl, whereupon I spelled girl, gurl, throughout the article. I called "Dora" a gurl, drew an imaginary picture of her as a gushing young thing of fifty, with spectacles, and an ink-stained thumb, and suggested that her proper occupation was the artistic cooking of a sheep's heart, rather than writing nonsense about the echoes of her own. I inquired how a heart can have an echo, and insinuated that the Gurl of the Echoing Heart must be a ventriloquist; with a great deal more flippant stuff of the same kind, winding up with an affectedly serious diatribe against poetasters of both sexes, and the publishers who print their effusions; a disgraceful article which was exactly to the taste of the *nil admirari* class, from which the readers of the *Blank Review* were principally recruited.

It was during this early period of my career, and at the season when London is dullest, that I met my old college friend Sinclair in the Strand and naturally asked what brought him to town in the autumn.

"I have been ordering a dog-cart in Long Acre," he replied; "but why are you not out for a holiday?"

"I have nowhere particular to go to, and no one to go with me. As has been often said, London when empty has more people in it than any other place has been full," said I. "Beside, if I went out I should be paying for my empty chambers all the time as well for my temporary lodgings."

"Look here," said Sinclair, after a pause, "I wish you would come back with me to Aitcham this evening."

"Is it far?"

"Oh, no, near Pangbourne; we shall run down in a couple of hours. It is not any compliment to ask you, I own, for we are monstrous dull. But you have as good as owned that you have nothing to keep you in London, and it would be very good natured if you would come and take an oar."

"Take an oar?"

"Yes; I am rather tired of sculling these two about every afternoon by myself. Some of the girls in the neighborhood have taken to rowing themselves, and letting their husbands, brothers, etc., steer, but my womenfolk don't seem to see it."

"You speak in the plural."

"Yes; my wife, you know, must have some one to speak to."

"She has you—"

"Pooh! it is easy to see that you have no experience. Why, we have been married nearly two years. I can't talk of furbelows, and my wife can't talk of hunting. She wants another woman to talk to, and so Miss Filmer is staying with us. And I want a man to talk to, and you will be he, won't you? There is a quiet little room opening out into the garden, where you shall do any reading and writing you want, undisturbed all the morning. Come!"

He led me to my chambers, made me pack my portmanteau, and had me down to the station and in a railway carriage almost before I had quite made up my mind whether I would go or not.

"You have not forgotten how to row, have you?" he asked, as we rushed through the country.

"No, I fancy not; but I'm not in the condition I was when we rowed in our first boat during the May races. What time do you dine, by the way?"

"We never dine."

"No!"

"No. We breakfast and lunch, and go on the water when the latter meal has been digested, and come back to a cold spread when we have had enough mist and moonlight. It is very romantic, I assure you."

"No doubt," said I, thinking that I would have a pressing engagement to tear me back to town very soon.

We had almost reached Sinclair's villa before the sweet odors of grass and flowers got fair hold of my senses, or the strange stillness of everything ceased to confuse me.

It was a delicious place; the house was white and wide and low, and covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, and shaded on three sides by a broad veranda, upon which the French windows of the sitting-room opened. The stables and kitchen were out of sight and smell somewhere; the lawn was cool with trees, and the bright, swiftly-flowing river shone at the bottom of it.

A lady sat in a cane camp-chair on the veranda, reading the paper; she heard our voices and rose, and I was introduced to Mrs. Sinclair. My friend had made a good selection; she was handsome, well-dressed, courteous, hospitable, without knowing it. By which, as I cannot read people's hearts, I, of course, mean that she gave one the impression of not knowing it. She rather patronized me as being a benighted bachelor, after the manner of matrons of twenty.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and she wanted to have dinner for me in a couple of hours, but, of course, I would not let them alter their domestic arrangements, so I had a slight luncheon then and there, after which I declared my readiness to take to the water.

Passing out on the lawn, accordingly, I found another lady with Mrs. Sinclair, and was made acquainted with Miss Filmer, a quiet, retiring little girl, rather nice looking when you came to notice her particularly, which one might very well neglect doing when there were several other girls present. Mrs. Sinclair called her Daisy, and a most appropropriate name it was for her. The boat-house which was also arranged as a convenient bath-house, giving promise of an early plunge next morning, contained an outrigger, a canoe and a skiff. The latter, which was afloat and only fastened by a padlock, was loosened; the ladies seated themselves in the stern, Mrs. Sinclair taking the tiller, and as her husband remembered that I had rowed on the stroke-side at the University I was placed on the after-thwart, in easy conversational contact with them. When Sinclair wanted to join in the talk he had to raise his voice and to demand repetition of any laughter-causing observation with a "What's that?"

I had not rowed for some time and my hands were rather tender, but I took it easy and saved them. It was a calm and glowing evening, the scenery was that which I like best, the conversation of the ladies was by no means of furbelows, as Sinclair had put it, but clever, natural and interesting, so that I was enjoying myself thoroughly, and no longer calculated on an early departure.

"Are you talking about books?" cried Sinclair from the bows. "Mind what you say, Kate; Jones there is an authority."

"No, no," said I; "I am only a hanger-on to journalism."

"Oh, I am so glad you are a literary man. I do so really want a good opinion about a certain book. Miss Filmer you must know, is an authoress."

"Oh, no, Kate!"

"You are, Daisy, and you are a great deal too diffident. Diffidence is a great bar to success, is it not, Mr. Jones?"

"In my proper profession, the law, it certainly would be fatal," I replied, laughing. "And I think that in authorship a little confidence is just as well. But what is your work, Miss Filmer—a novel?"

"No, though I am accused of diffidence, I was so ambitious as to write verses. But I was rightly punished for my temerity, and their worthlessness was fully exposed."

"The most disgraceful, the most unmanly, cowardly attack that was ever penned!" cried Mrs. Sinclair, indignantly. "Some of the poems are beautiful; all show originality and talent; you shall see them for yourself, Mr. Jones, and judge."

"Oh, no, please!" said Miss Filmer, who looked really distressed.

"I hope you will not refuse me the pleasure of reading them," said I.

"She cannot; you shall have my copy," cried Sinclair from behind me. "I am no judge of poetry myself, but I thought them capital, and so did the publisher—really, you know, because he printed them without making any charge."

"I am afraid he has lost money, poor man," sighed the poetess.

"Oh, Miss Filmer! What was the name of the review that attacked you?"

"The *Blank Review*," replied Mrs. Sinclair for her friend. "Did you ever hear of it?"

"Yes," said I, as carelessly as I could, but a bit of a lump began to rise in my throat; "I have seen the periodical. Did Miss Filmer publish under her own name?"

"No, she took the *nom de plume* of 'Dora,' fortunately; I think she would hardly ever have got over the attack, if it had not been for the shelter of a pseudonym."

"Mr. Jones will think me very thin-skinned," said Miss Filmer, with a smile; "but I do not think that I should have taken any fair criticism of my book, however severe, to heart. Indeed, some were kind and some were harsh, and I set them against one another. But this particular notice seemed to be dictated by personal malice, for it sought to turn me into ridicule, as well as my work. It made me feel as if I had done a bold and unwomanly thing, and certainly cured me forever of authorship. No success would compensate one for being made the subject of such attacks."

If I give you my real name, which of course is not Jones, you would recognize the fact that I am not generally considered deficient in that useful forensic quality—er—suppose we call it brass. Even in those early days I was not easily put out of countenance. But on that occasion I did wish that the bottom of the boat would open, and a friendly barbel of whale-like proportions absorb me quietly.

For once in my life I did feel most utterly and intolerably ashamed of myself. That pretty, little, delicate, gentle girl, so refined, so sensitive—oh! it was just as if I had struck a blind man, or an infant!

"That is the old form," gasped Sinclair. "But I—say—you know—we have—to come—back—again."

"You will knock my poor husband quite up if you row so fast," said his wife with a smile that had a touch of anxiety in it. And, in truth, trying to escape from my reflections, and not aware what I was about, I had set him a racing stroke, and we were tearing through the water at a grand pace. I easied at once, and presently we turned; I was so thoroughly disconcerted, however, that I made my blistered hands an excuse for changing places, and to shifting the brunt of conversation to Sinclair.

Before we retired that evening I borrowed the volume of poems. It was indeed the "Echoes of the Heart" which I had treated so unkindly; but why did they let her choose such a provoking title? I read every line before going to bed, and felt more ashamed of myself as I proceeded. It was not merely the merit of the verses which rebuked me, though they were more than meritorous, but the kindliness, the broad charity, the flashes of eloquent admiration, excited by all that is most noble in humanity, should have guaranteed the book against insult, at all events. I passed a bad night over it, but recovered my self-possession in the morning, and at breakfast expressed myself in terms which brought color into the cheeks and light into the eyes of the poetess. As for the hostile critic, I alluded to him in a way which prevented the ladies ever mentioning his libel again, for fear, as Sinclair told me, lest I should find out who the culprit was and become engaged in some personal conflict with him. That I might be spared no element of remorse, Miss Daisy proved to be an orphan and poor; her father, a retired colonel, having fallen into the trap which catches so many old officers, and become director of some company which broke down and swallowed his little property.

However, I managed to calm myself down, and tried to make amends by being as agreeable as I could to the young lady I had unwittingly injured. It was rather a dangerous operation, considering that I was several years short of thirty, and she was still younger, but it had the fascination about it which dangerous games often have. What with bathing, boating, and making amends, a fortnight slipped away pleasantly, and when I returned to town at the end of that time I could scarcely be called a free man.

The Art of Talking.—If we notice closely we shall find the people who are most popular in social life are those who understand not only how to talk themselves, but how to make others talk. This is a very valuable gift. To be able so to direct conversation as to draw out the opinions and quicken the thoughts of those with whom you talk—this is an accomplishment indeed. It makes each a contributor to the enjoyment of all, and leaves with each a pleasant sense of having said something which others were glad to hear. There is a good deal of this sort of conversational missionary work waiting to be done, and the time which we spend chattering about the weather might be very profitably devoted to it. It should be borne in mind that there is scarcely any one of average intelligence who cannot, if he is drawn out, talk interestingly and instructively about at least one thing, the thing with which he is practically most familiar or which is connected with his regular labor. Whoever talks thus much with specialists upon their chosen department of labor or thought will get together a fund of valuable information not to be learned from the books.

An Unfortunate Appetite.—It cannot be very pleasant to be singled out from one's neighbors on account of one's appetite. Yet the distinguishing characteristic of a well-known society lady is an insatiable appetite. When she goes to an entertainment where the eatables are served from a side-table, and passed around to the guests, she takes her chair and draws it up to the table, and helps herself. When she eats all she wants, she fills her pockets, or tells the waiter to do her up a little parcel of good things to take home with her. This is such a well-known fact that now, when a lady is going to give a party, she tells the caterer that there will be so many persons and Mrs. ——, and he knows how to provide.

The following bit of practical wisdom is from Rev. W. H. H. Murray: "Heaven is not populated with singing thieves, or palm-bearing bankrupts, who settle with their creditors at twenty-five cents on the dollar Wednesday and ride to church the next Sabbath in a thousand dollar coach, with a man in livery on the box."

The Paris *Gazette des Femmes* gives a list of French women who have obtained the academic degrees. There are five doctors of medicine, three licentiates of science, two bachelors of science and letters, six bachelors of science, and twenty bachelors of letters. These degrees have all been conferred since 1866.

And now here comes the plaintive wailer of the New Orleans *Picayune* and says: "There is general complaint this year about the size of circus elephants. They are exceedingly small, and never kill a keeper."

Potato Puffs.—Two cups cold mashed potatoes; stir in two tablespoons melted butter beaten to a cream, two well beaten eggs, one cup of milk or cream. Pour in a deep dish and bake in a quick oven.

Weaning Colts.—A correspondent of a Canada paper makes the following suggestions on the subject of weaning colts:

Put the colt and its mother in a stable; tie both side by side in a manger in a wide stall; have nothing between them; give them an adequate supply of nutritious aliment for a few days, and the thing is accomplished. I prefer this way, because it prevents fretting on the part of both mare and colt, and, as an Irishman expressed it about two pigs in the same pen, the one encourages the other to eat, so that the colt is not reduced in condition, as is too often the case during the weaning process. This mode of treatment helps to halter-break the colt, too, if it has not previously been done.

Another plan I have sometimes adopted, when I did not want to stable the colt—that is, started the old folks away on a visiting tour for a week or so with the mare, leaving the colt in the pasture field with other colts; thus the two are out of hearing distance of each other, until the young one forgets its baby notions.

Cure for Scratches.—Pure coral varnish. To prepare for it, put the horse in a dry place. Clean the dirt and scabby skin from the legs, thoroughly, with castile soap and milkwarm water, applied with a soft woolen rag. Rinse clean with rain water, and let dry. Strip a quill to a tuft on the end, and with it apply the varnish, beginning above the sore, so that it will readily reach the skin and better work down on the affected parts. See that every diseased part is saturated. A pound of salts, given in oats, twice a week, will help. When you understand this process, I think you will not seek other remedies. It has succeeded with me for twenty-five years, without failure. Stubborn cases may require the process repeated several times.—*J. M. Robinson, Malvern, Iowa.*

Easily Cultivated.—Few flowers look handsomer in a garden than a bed of asters. Arranged with the tallest varieties in the center and graduated down to the dwarf Schiller or chrysanthemum aster, they will make as fine a show in a garden as a bed of geraniums, while the cost of the plants will be very trifling. Asters need eight inches of soil. The one would class candytuft, sweet alyssum, browallia, ageratum, convolvulus, cetranthus, dianthus pinks, gypsophila, larkspur, mignonnette, petunias, nasturtium, pansies, phlox, salpiglossis, viscaria, saponaria, sweet peas, zinnias. Planted with these hardy plants, a garden will present a succession of bloom.

Peach Marmalade.—Peel, stone and cut up ripe peaches into small bits. Take three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and one teacup of water to each pound of sugar. Boil and skim clear, then put in the peaches. Let them boil quite fast, stir and mash them until the whole is a thick, jellied mass, then put into glasses or tumblers. Apples and plums are also very good prepared in the same manner.

Gooseberry Pudding.—Prepare the gooseberries as above, adding a few bread crumbs and whites of the eggs; stir the mixture well and bake it in a deep dish, with only a trimming of rich paste around the edge of the dish. Eat it cold with sugar grated over it.

To Prevent Blue from Fading.—Put an ounce of sugar of lead into a pail of water; soak the material in the solution for two hours; let dry before being washed or ironed. Good for all shades of blue.

Ripe Tomatoes.—These may be kept part of the winter by putting them in one part vinegar to two of water, with a weight on top to keep them under.

The Sultan has decided to send a portion of his jewelry to England to be sold for the benefit of the state treasury.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Is it true that spare-rib is very popular diet among the Mormons?

A Partial Blockade

Of the main avenue for escape of refuse from the human system is utterly subversive of regularity among the other organs. Let constipation become chronic, and, leaving out the imminent danger of inflammation of the bowels and their total obstruction occurring, jaundice is almost certain to ensue, the liver is liable to become engorged, the blood and urine are poisoned by the bile, which also vitiates the juices of the stomach, and other unhappy consequences follow. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a prime tonic alterative, prevents or remedies these results and their cause, as the case may require, and is also signally efficacious in overcoming flatulence, heartburn, and variable as well as constipated action of the bowels. It renews nerve power, improves the appetite, stays the progress of early decay, relieves the infirmities of age, and is a pleasant appetizer.

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Mechanics' Institute Fair.

Let our readers not forget that the great annual exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute opens on the 5th of August, and that the management confidently expect to make the present exhibit the most perfect and successful of any yet held. A visit to it will amply repay you for a visit to the city.

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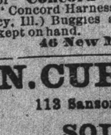

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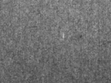

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Wit and Humor.

A boy with elbows out was asked the cause, and replied: "I laughed in my sleeve till I bust them."

A handkerchief flirtation is a very simple thing. It only requires two fools and two hankerchiefs.

David Davis has just sold his form for eight cents a pound for leaf lard. It nets him about $295,000.

How rapidly a man loses all interest in politics and national finance when he shuts a door on his own thumb.

"What's in an aim?" asks Shakspeare. You just wait, William, until you see a wall-eyed man dropping a navy revolver on you.

"What shall we do with our boys?" is the question that is agitating a Pittsburg Sunday paper. Muzzle 'em and let em run.

A lady told her little son, who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: "I jest honestly sometimes think you're a stepmother!"

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "our club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed," replied the wife; "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

"Billy Jones," said a bullying urchin to another lad, "next time I catch you alone, I'll flog you like anything." "Well," replied Bill, "I ain't often much alone; I commonly have my legs and my fists with me."

"Don't you think that a good likeness of me?" said a pretty wife to her small fraction of herself called her husband. "Very good," was the reply, "except that there is a little too much repose about the mouth."

"What's de time o' day, ole woman?" said a colored countryman to Aunt Milly, trying to poke fun at the brass chain that held her front door key around her neck. "Look at de town clock, chile. Dat's built for po' folks."

A man went home the other evening and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife: "I have gone out; you will find the door-key on one side of the door-step."

Last Sunday a Sunderland, Mass., superintendent, after the lesson was closed, asked the little boys the following questions from the smaller question-book: "Who knows better than father or mother?" A little five-year-old promptly answered, "I do."

Boyhood is candid, and middle age, though it may think the same things, is reticent. "What part," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "of the burial of Sir John Moore do you like best?" He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied: "Few and short were the prayers we said."

A correspondent at Portland, Ore., furnishes this of the "heathen Chinee:" "John" had bought a watch at our jeweler's, but as it ran too slow, he took it back, saying, "Watchee no good." "What is the matter with it?" asked the jeweler. "Oh," said John, "watchee too muchee by'm by." — *Harper's Drawer.*

Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the maneuver. "Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed." "Yes," replied the youthful party, "but *your* hair ain't hitched to your head."

"Professor," said the cheeky soph., "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern professor, loving his little joke, promptly responded: "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them;" thereby scoring three against the unsuspecting man of cribs.—*Acta Columbiana.*

Heartless Scientist—"Miss Adelina, permit me to ask your acceptance of my hand—"

Gushing Maiden—"Oh, professor, so sudden—"

"Heartless Scientist (continuing)—"My—er—hand-book of the Buddhist psychology and ethnology of the Hindoos."

Collapse of G. M.

Two countrymen were looking at a watch "marked down" in a show window, which, among other virtues, showed the day of the month, day of the week, and the phases of the moon. "Pooh! you call that much of a thing?" said one. "Where I live you can buy a watch, and the hour-hand will mark the daily stock quotations, the theater programme, and your wash list."

I knew a man once—Jack Mason—who went to a donation where six farmers were to contribute a jug of milk apiece. Well, one man, a very mean man, thought it would not make any difference if he contributed water in place of milk. So he filled up a jug with water and took it to the donation. When he got there he turned it over the bung and it run into a barrel where all the other farmers had poured their milk. Now what do you think was the result? Why, every one of the farmers happened to be as mean as Jack Mason. They all brought water.—*Eli Perkins.*

The best lawyers always tell the best stories, and with none the less zest when at their own expense. Not long ago Counselor C—— was before Surrogate Calvin in a case where the question involved was as to the mental condition of the testatrix. The witness under examination, herself an aged lady, had testified to finding Mrs. Seaman failing, chilish, and that when she told her something she looked as though she didn't understand. Counselor C——, cross-examining, tried to get her to describe this look, but she didn't succeed very well in doing so. At last, getting a little impatient, he asked: "Well, how did she look? Did she look at you as I am looking at you now, for instance?" The witness, very demurely, replied: "Well, yes; kind of vacant like."—*Harper's.*

The Galaxy, or Milky Way.

The luminous zone which encircles the heavens was called, on account of its peculiar brightness, by the Greeks, Galaktos, the Galaxy, and by the Romans, Via Lactea, the Milky Way. Passing like a stream across the firmament, here growing narrower and there spreading, at one point divided and at another seeming to flow with an increased and united volume, it became known in Chinese annals as the Celestial river. The less civilized aborigines of Mexico, who regard this band of light as the path by which the spirits of the departed braves reached the "happy hunting grounds," named it the River of Souls. But, although the Galaxy in every age has given rise to wonder and admiration and has been viewed with equal interest by the learned and the ignorant, still the cause of this permanent bow of the nightly sky long remained a mystery. The fertile imagination of the Greek philosophers, the long-continued observations of the Arabian astronomers, and the careful scrutiny of heavens which followed the revival of learning, alike failed to make known the real source of the beautiful phenomenon. This was among the revelations of the telescope, and yet Galileo and others had scanned the starry dome more than half a century with his "eye of the mind" before Milton, with an approximation to scientific truth, could speak of the "broad and ample road whose dust is gold and pavement stars." This silvery belt is visible at all seasons of the year, but in latitudes north of the equator is most conspicuous during the summer and autumn months. It is brighter in the southern hemisphere than the northern, though in each it varies both in breadth and brilliancy. When examining this zone of stars with his powerful reflector the elder Herschel was led to the conclusion that not less than fifty thousand of these self-luminous bodies were included in a breadth of two degrees and that one hundred and sixteen thousand passed in review before him in a quarter of an hour. The countless multitudes of these distant suns are irregularly grouped. Clusters are numerous, especially in the southern part. In certain regions they are strewn with great uniformity, in others patches of them are succeeded by intervals in which few are seen, while in some places, as the Coal Sack in the Southern Cross and the "dark spot" in the northern constellation of that name, they are looked for in vain. Not only the Milky Way, but the heavens in its vicinity, appear more thickly set with stars than other portions of the celestial canopy, but whether this is actually the case or owing to the position from which they are viewed cannot be determined. Everyone is familiar with the fact that if he looks towards the horizon when rain is falling the drops appear more numerous than when he directs his view to some distance above it, though the number reaching the surface in each instance is the same. It is, therefore, possible that if the earth occupied a different position in space the stars in another portion of the heavens, would become the galaxy, and that this "band of brilliants" is owing to an apparent and not to a real proximity of the stellar suns. While the stars in the galaxy whose blended light alone is perceived by the unaided eye, are so thickly strewn as to defy every effort to ascertain their number, they are but a part of the shining orbs which roll through space. These a moderate computation places at one hundred millions, and every increase in the range of the telescope enlarges the amount. If each of these self-luminous bodies, like our nearest star, the sun, is a center around which as many opaque globes revolve as are now known to derive their light and heat from the ruler of the day, the multitudes of worlds reaches a number which the human intellect fails to grasp. It is when engaged in such contemplations that man is made aware of his finite powers by his inability to comprehend the infinite, while at the same time he obtains enlarged views of the wisdom and power of Him "who created and governs all."—*Philadelphia Times.*

How Washington was Knocked Down.—At the time General Washington was stationed at Alexandria, Va., as a colonel of a British regiment, before the war of the Revolution, an altercation took place in the court-house yard between him and William Payne, in which Payne knocked Washington down. Great excitement prevailed, as Payne was known to be firm, and Washington was beloved by all. A night's reflection, however, satisfied Washington that he was the agressor and in the wrong, and in the morning he, like a true and magnanimous hero, sought an interview with Payne, which resulted in an apology from Washington, and a warm and lasting friendship between the two, founded on mutual esteem. During the Revolutionary war, while Washington was on a visit to his family, William Payne, with his son, De Vall, went to pay his respects to the great American chief. General Washington met him some distance from the house, took him by the hand and led him into the presence of Mrs. Washington, to whom he introduced Mr. Payne as follows: "My dear, here is the little man whom you have so frequently heard me speak of, who once had the courage to knock me down in the courthouse yard at Alexandria, big as I am," —*Collins' History of Kentucky.*

George III. was fond of boiled mutton and turnips and apple dumpling. His chief drink was a cup, composed of a quart of lemonade to one glass of wine. Like Napoleon, he ate with fierce rapidity. The favorite dish of George IV. was a thick soup of crayfish. He liked, occasionally, as does Mr. Samuel Ward, liver and bacon and tripe and onions. He latterly drank great quantities of liquors, especially black cherry brandy, which he took as a tonic for digestion weakened by years of Curacoa punch. Roast fowl and roast beef were the delicacies of William IV., and sherry his wine, which he drank from a black bottle. Queen Victoria likes cock-a-leekie soup, a rich *entree* often cooked for her by her daughter, Princess Christina, a most admirable cook, and loves port wine.

Boys of English History.

The fierce storm beats down on the gloomy Norman castle of Falaise, in a deep dungeon of which lies imprisoned the boy Prince Arthur, lawful heir to the crown of England, but now, alas! a helpless victim of the cruelty and injustice of his bad uncle, John Plantaganet, the usurper of his throne. The thunder peals so loudly, and the wind rages so angrily, that Hubert de Burgh, the warden, does not for a long time distinguish the sound of a knocking and shouting at the outer gate of the castle. Presently, however, in a lull of the wind, his ears catch the noisy summons, and he instantly gives orders to his men to let down the drawbridge, and admit the new comers. These were three in number; one attired as a king's messenger, and mounted on a richly-caparisoned horse; the other two in the garb of common men and on foot. When they had come into the presence of the warden, the king's messenger said:

"I am charged by his majesty, King John of England, to deliver to you this letter, and require your faithful discharge of its commands."

So saying, he handed to Hubert de Burgh a sealed letter, which the latter eagerly broke open and read. As he read, his face clouded. It was a long letter, and couched in vague terms, but its substance was this: That, whereas the peace of England and of King John's possessions in France were constantly being disturbed by the partisans of the young Prince Arthur, desiring to see him king instead of his uncle, and taking up arms to enforce their claim, it was necessary, in order to put an end to this rebellion, that the young prince should be rendered unfit for governing; and, as no people would be likely to choose a blind boy for their king, Hubert de Burgh was instructed to have Arthur's eyes put out; and the two men who had arrived with the king's messenger were come, so the letter said, to carry out his design.

Hubert de Burgh said nothing as he put by the letter, and dismissed his three visitors from his presence. Cruel man as he had been, his heart had still some pity left and he shrank from obeying his master by so brutal an act of cruelty upon the innocent boy in his charge.

However, the order of the king was peremptory; and if the deed must be done, thought he, the sooner the better.

So he ordered the two villains to get ready their instruments, and follow him to the dungeon.

"Stay here," said he, as they reached the young prince's door, "while I enter and prepare him for his fate."

So those two set down their fire and the red-hot irons, and waited outside for their summons.

When Hubert entered the dungeon, the poor boy was just waking from a sleep. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, being dazzled by the light which Hubert carried in his hand.

"You are welcome," said he (for Arthur with so few to love him, loved his surly, though not unkind, jailer). "I have been in my dreams away in merry England, where I thought I was living in a beautiful palace, with food and servants, and rich clothing, and that there was a crown on my head. And so it shall be some day, Hubert, when I get my rights; and then because you have not been as unkind to me as some in my adversity, you shall be a great and rich man. But why look you so solemn? What ails you?"

The warden stood silent for some moments before he spoke, and then his voice was thick and hoarse.

"Prince," he said, "take your last look on the light, for you may never see it again."

The boy sprang from his bed, and seized Hubert by the knees.

What! Are they going to kill me? Must they take away my life?"

"Not so," said Hubert; "it is not thy life that is required, but thine eyes." And as he spoke he stamped on the floor, as the signal to those two who waited without to enter.

At sight of their horrid instruments, the cords which were to bind him and the cruel faces of the executioners. Arthur fell on his knees, and implored mercy of the stubborn Hubert.

It was a strange and pitiful sight to see that weak and helpless boy kneeling, and with tears entreating that stout old warrior, whose bosom heaved and whose fingers twitched, and whose face winced, as he listened; while the two others stood motionless, grasping their irons and cords, ready for the word of command to step forward and do their cruel deed.

But the cries and entreaties of the helpless and beautiful prince prevailed. Hubert wavered and hesitated; he bade the men advance, and then bade them withhold; he looked at the prince and he looked at the glowing irons; he pushed the suppliant from him, and then suffered him to cling to him. The executioners were moved to pity and laid down their instruments. Finally, with a mighty effort, the warden yielded and said, "Retire, men and take with you your tools, until I require you." Then turning to Arthur he said, "Prince, thou shalt keep thy sight and thy life while I am by to protect thee." And the rough hand of the old warrior stroked the hair of the weeping boy as it might have been his own son's.

The answer that Hubert de Burgh sent back that day by the king's messenger was an earnest appeal for mercy on behalf of his young and now beloved charge. But King John was a stranger to all feelings of pity, and his vengeance was quick and dreadful. Foiled of his cruel design upon the eyesight of his hapless nephew, he determined now to have his life. So he ordered him to be removed from Falaise, and the custody of the humane De Burgh, to the castle of Rouen, under whose walls flowed the waters of the River Seine. But the prince did not remain long there. One night a jailer entered his dungeon, and, waking him from his sleep, ordered him to follow him. The boy obeyed in silence as the jailer conducted him down the winding staircase which led to the foot of the tower, beside which the Seine flowed. A boat was waiting at the bottom, in which sat two men. The torch of the jailer cast a sudden glare over the dark waters, and by its sight Arthur recognized with horror and despair, in one of the two the cruel features of his Uncle John. It was useless for him to pray and entreat; it was useless for him to struggle or cry out. They dragged him into the boat, and held him fast as she drifted under the shadow of those gloomy walls into mid stream. What happened then no one can tell; but had any listened that still dark night, they might have heard a boy's wild cry across the waters, and then a dull heavy splash—and that was all.

Poor Philosophy.

"Now, then, Milton Pardon, speak right up if you have any defense, or hang your head if guilty," said the court as a young man with an India-rubber neck was walked out.

"I was never guilty in my life," was the cool reply.

"Well, then, maybe this will mark a new era in your career. You broke a window, raised a row, and were fighting when arrested."

"Can I state my case?"

"Yes, but make it solid minion."

"Well, then, I was up on the corner, and I met Pat O'Donnell. Pat owes me some money, and he can't pay me till after he raises the fine to get his brother out of the work-house. We were talking about how his brother was as innocent as I am, and we leaned against a baker's window. We wasn't to blame because the window was there, we didn't put it there."

"But you broke it."

"Yes, it broke, but how can you blame us? If the baker had put in heavy glass it wouldn't have busted."

"That's poor philosophy," replied his honor. "If you had never been born you wouldn't have been there to create damage, nor would you have been brought here to be sent up for thirty days."

"I want time to go home and get a clean shirt," protested the prisoner. "I'm not going to be landed up there looking like some second-class horse-trainer."

"Can't let you go—can't do it. The law has nothing to do with clean shirts. Please go in and sit down and get your mind made up what you will order for breakfast after you get there."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Death of Prince Napoleon.

The prince was out scouting with an officer and six men, and after searching a "mealie" garden for the enemy, the prince gave orders to mount. The enemy who had remained concealed, then fired upon the party and killed two troopers and wounded the prince, who fell from his horse. The others were compelled to abandon the prince. On receipt of the news at headquarters, Lord Chelmsford sent a regiment of lancers to recover the body, which was found covered with assegai wounds. There is general mourning at the Cape and great regret is expressed over the untimely death of the young prince. Eugene Louis Jean Joseph Napoleon, son of the Emperor Napoleon III. and and the Empress Eugenie, was born March 16, 1856. For some time great fears were entertained, on account of the delicacy of his health, which improved considerably in the summer of 1867. In 1870 he accompanied his father to the seat of war, and was present, on August 2, at the capture of Saarbruck, when the emperor telegraphed to the empress at Paris this memorable dispatch: "Louis has just received his baptism of fire. He showed admirable coolness, and was not at all affected. A division of Gen. Frosserd has captured the heights which overlook the left bank at Saarbruck. The Prussians made but a short resistance. We were in the front rank but the bullets and cannon balls fell at our feet. Louis has kept a bullet which fell quite close to him. Some of the soldiers wept at seeing him so calm. We have only lost one officer and ten men killed." After the disastrous defeat at Sedan, the young prince made his escape at Belgium, and crossing from Ostend to Dover on September 6th, proceeded to Hastings, where he was joined by the empress three days later. He has since resided in England, and received his education at an English military school. A few weeks ago he went to South Africa as a volunteer.

Consoling a Widow.

The humorous side of clerical life is seldom seen by those outside of the profession, unless they happen to number several clergymen among their friends. But it has a humorous as well as a serious side, and there are few ministers who could not relate mirth-provoking incidents associated with their clerical experience. Sometimes, strange as it may seem, this humorous side turns up when the clergyman is intent upon his most delicate work, the comforting of the bereaved.

Many years ago, a worthy minister of Connecticut, while on a journey, was passing the house of a former parishioner. Remembering that the gentlemen had recently died, he thought he would stop and condole with the widow.

She meet him with a cheerful countenance, and they chatted pleasantly, until he, thinking of his purpose in calling, remarked,—

"Madam, it is a painful subject, but you have recently met with a severe loss."

Instantly applying her apron to her eyes, she said,—

"Oh, yes, doctor; there's no telling how I feel."

"It is indeed a great bereavement you have suffered."

"Yes, doctor, very great indeed."

"I hope you bear it with submission?"

"I try too; but oh, doctor, I sometimes feel in my heart, 'Goosey, goosey gander, where shall I wander?"

Doubtless the reverend gentleman kept his face in becoming repose while in the widow's presence, but when he resumed his journey his old horse must have wondered at his master's loud laughter.

Cream Sauce.—One cup of cream; one teaspoonful of flour; pepper and salt to taste. Let the cream come to a boil; mix the flour with a little cold milk; stir into the boiling cream; season, boil up well and serve.

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DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....JULY 19, 1879

Pluck and Energy Sufficient Capital.

We cut the following from the middle of a long editorial in the *Inter. Ocean*. There is truth and sound advice in every line of it, though it may be doubted whether many of those who cling to city poverty are calculated to make efficient pioneers. After bewailing the tendency of men to crowd into the cities and business centers, where the labor market is apt to be overstocked, the *Inter-Ocean* says it is a mistake to think that men without money are without the means required for settlement on wild land. "Every man with energy and muscle and nerve has the means. He can make an honest living out of the ground in almost any part of the West, and do it a thousand times easier than the men who planted fifty years ago, and packed a sack of corn upon the shoulder twenty miles to a mill, or beat it to flour with a pestle. The millions of fertile acres are crying for hands to turn the sod, promising to yield wealth and happiness to the occupants of the over-crowded alleys of towns and cities. It would be better for fathers and mothers to make any sacrifice of personal comfort than to raise children in these rank hotbeds of vice, where it is impossible to protect them from its taint.

"If one half the energy and enterprise now displayed by labor unions and protective labor organizations were directed to finding homes upon the unoccupied lands of the West for the thousands who could profitably till them, there would be less occasion for complaint, both from those who would go and those who would stay. A little assistance to enable deserving persons to secure such homes would pay far better than the money spent in sustaining strikes. There are a great many families in Chicago to-day whose best interests would be served, and who happiness would be increased, if they could be persuaded and aided to leave the busy hum of the city and dig an honest living from the ground.

"There is room enough yet. According to the reports from the Land Office there are 724,311,477 acres of surveyed lands ready for occupants, and nearly twice as much more waiting the surveyor. During the past ten years which closed in June, the government sold for cash 57,666,970 acres of land, besides the large grant to homesteads. If the many hundred thousands who have, with hardship, opened up their new homes, could give their testimony, but few of them could be induced to move into the stifled air of our cities, and attempt to raise their children amid temptations and vices that would surround them."

BEARING PECAN TREES.—On Mr. Briggs' large fruit farm, half a mile south of Davisville, we saw some forty thrifty and well grown pecan trees in bearing. They are eleven years old, and are considerbly larger than English walnuts of the same age, which stand near them. They were heavily loaded with tassels of bloom, but the nuts which form in hanging clusters on the tips of the young wood, had not yet appeared. The pecan, Mr. Briggs thinks, might be made a profitable tree, although the almond, where it succeeds, is better. As regards the quality of these native grown pecans, we must decidedly indorse them. A handful of last season's growth, taken from the sack without selecting, were finer in flavor and larger than any imported we have ever seen. The pecan is a good tree, a handsome tree, a fruitful tree. Small trees must be chosen to plant, as large ones are hard to move safely. And, since gophers like it better than we wish they did, said gophers must be poisoned.—*Cal. Horticulturist.*

THE ECLIPSE OF 1880.—Mr. A. F. Goddard, of Sacramento, is preparing an excursion party of fifty or more to observe the line of the total eclipse of the sun which will occur next January, visible in California. His object is to locate the excursionists along the route of the total shadow, selecting the grandest point of view, establishing the line by appropriate monuments, from the coast to the Sierras. We have no doubt such an excursion in the advance of the eclipse would be productive of much pleasure as well as means of verifying astronomical calculations.—*Mining Record.*

Butterflies of the Sierras.

Scientists find many valuable specimens in the summit land. Our forests abound with rare plumaged birds, and strange plants and flowers; our rivers and lakes teem with choicest kinds of fish; and the mineralogist discovers the richest metals beneath our soil. Perhaps the most wonderful of Nature's lavish gifts is the numerous varieties of the butterflies and moths which abound in our mountain meadows. From the first week in April to the last of September, new species are constantly appearing and disappearing. An amateur etymologist in Truckee found seventy-one different kinds one year, and Thos. Peers, near Placerville, has discovered about one hundred and twenty. Mr. Peers devoted years of careful study to his branch of natual science, and his collection of many-hued butterflies would charm the heart of the most matter-of-fact individual. The large Cecropia, and Promethea moths, the handsomest of all nocturnal lepidoptera, are found soon after the Winter snow has disappeared. Then in turn, follows the entire troop of richly colored, fairy-like families of butterflies and moths. Jager says: "No branch of Natural History deserves a more thorough and careful study than the class of insects. It is important and interesting to every one, of whatever mental capacity or taste. The rich and poor, lettered or unlettered, the statesmen and philosopher, manufacturer and merchant, husbandman and agriculturist, clergyman and physician, have often made this study the principal occupation of their leisure hours." Many of the specimens found near Truckee are exceedingly rare, and the children of our public schools one season found at least two varieties that had never been classified. The moths, with their long fur and beautiful wings, are especially choice and interesting, and will richly repay any one for the trouble of collecting and arranging.—*Truckee Republican.*

MARK TWAIN'S "ROCK METO SLEEP."—A correspondent writes to the Buffalo *Express:* Perhaps some of your readers may be interested to know the opinion of the celebrated critic, Mark Twain, upon the claim of Mr. Ball to the authorship of the poem, "Rock Me to Sleep." In an old scrap-book I find the following apostrophe, published about the time the controversy first arose: "Backward, speed backward, Oh Ball in your flight! Make not an ass of yourself (just for to-night); pull the few silver threads out of your hair; fill up and varnish those furrows of care—care that was born of attempting fame's steep, which you couldn't climb, Ball, whom none rocked to sleep. Oh, Bally, come back from the echoing shore! Cease for a season the public to bore, with your infamous rhymes and your stupid complaint, for you know you are claiming to be what you ain't. Oh, drivel no more—don't snuffle, don't weep—hang up your lyre, Ball, I'll rock you to sleep."

The Emperor of Austria rises at five and retires early, being unable to attend opera every night, as he would like to do. He likes neither Englishmen nor their literature. He has a soft, musical voice, and is a good dancer, a fine horseman and a crack shot.

If you are as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors you would have the happiest home in the world.

Mrs. Mudd is a candidate for State Librarian of Kentucky. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* wonders if old Mudd was a Clay man.

History's pages are covered with many noble, chivalrous deeds, but still people yearn for green peas and watermelons.

"Stand up and tell the truth like a little bell punch," is the latest addition to the phraseology of slang.

There is great trouble with Mount Ætna this season. The Italians can not keep the crater quiet.

The postage stamp, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, knows its place after it has been licked once.

It is a notable fact that the man who eats the smallest meal invariably takes the most toothpicks.

When gamblers fail to agree, they pour Hoyle on the troubled waters.

Essays on the sun and moon come under the head of light literature.

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